

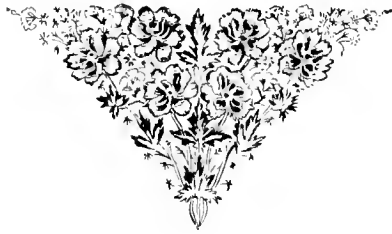
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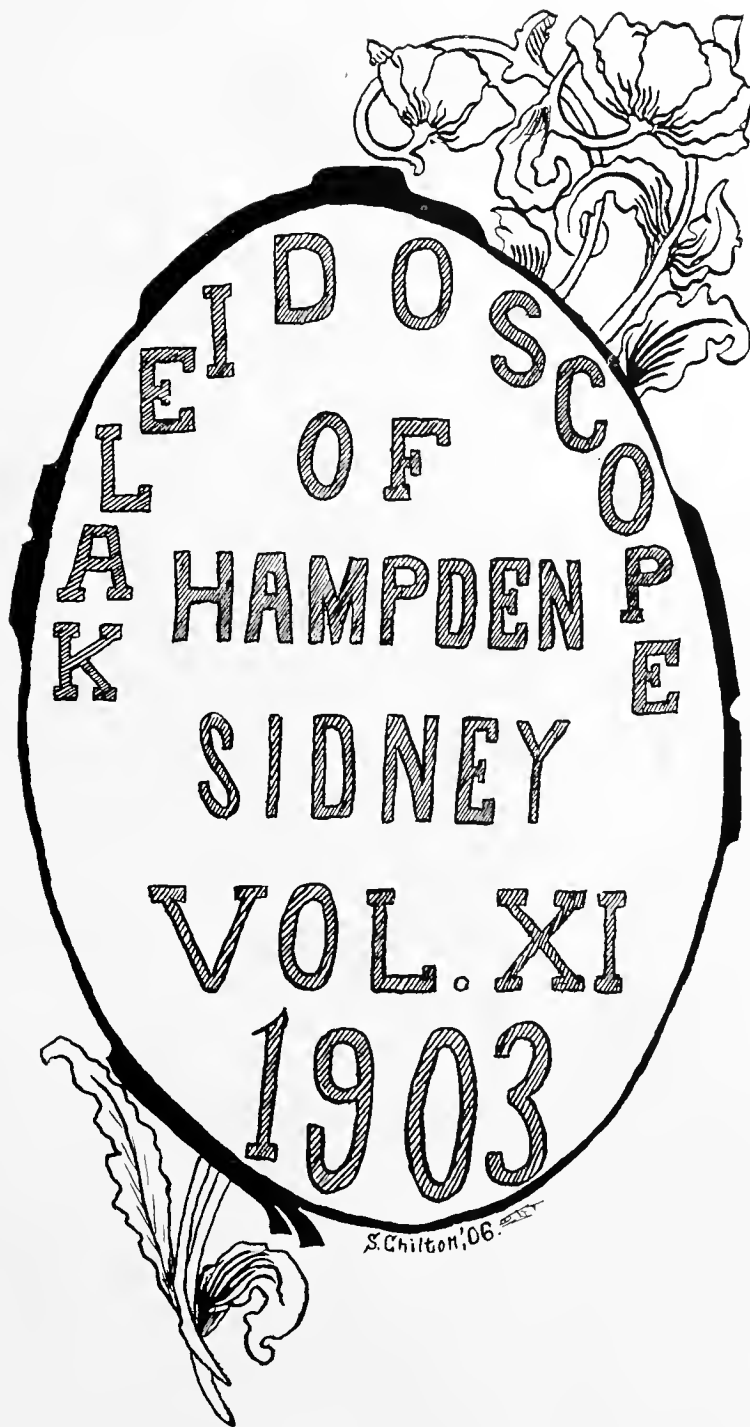
VOLUME ELEVEN—MCMIII



PRICE, TWO DOLLARS

Published by the Students of Hampden-Sidney College

This volume of
the Kaleidoscope is dedicated to
Miss Jennie M. Tabb
by the students of Hampden-Sidney College in
affectionate appreciation of the many evidences she has given of
her interest in them and in all their enterprises; and by
the Editors in grateful acknowledgment of the
generous assistance she has rendered
to this volume and to those
of bygone years



S. Chilton, '06.

Foreword.

Kind friend, this book we hand to you,
A memoir true of college days;
Look in and there is spread to view
Each phase and side of student-ways.
If faults you find—they 're here, we know—
Don't criticise, but passing by,
On what you may your praise bestow.
Should we, dear friend, unwittingly
Chance to wound you in any way,
Oh, then, since it is done in jest,
Pardon it. Now, once more we pray,
Excuse our faults—we 've done our best.



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Roger Atkinson Pryor, LL. D.



AMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE prepared and sent out several clusters of brilliant sons in the first half of the nineteenth century, more than fifty years ago—the fullest fifty years in American history, measured by events and changes.

Judge Roger Atkinson Pryor, of New York City, is one of the few men of these older groups who still lives, and none was more brilliant than he. It pleases the middle-life people in these parts, who remember him in war, to speak of him as General Pryor, but the older folk, whose minds go further back, love to call him simple Roger Pryor, untitled in word but high in esteem; or to insert the middle initial and to say in strong tones ROGER A. PRYOR,

as if they could still hear the sheriff calling him into court for a case or to the court-house steps for a speech, the rostrum of the hustings of the common people then. As a judge he belongs to New York.

His Alma Mater points with pride to this older child and her younger sons look up to him with admiration.

His many moods and phases, his versatile talents, rapid action, and impetuous temperament make him in much an unknowable man. But :

Personality.

He was born *to distinction* in his personality by nature. No one, who hears him or sees him once, ever forgets him. He is a man of fire that never abates ; of fire in a figure, ever in motion, of restless, rapid gait ; in the pose of a head crowned with long, tossing, glistening, raven hair ; in the flash of the steel-gray eyes ; in the expression of a mobile, classic face, of high forehead, indicative nose, prominent cheeks, clean of beard and moustache ; in the lines of a strong, large, and strangely nervous mouth and chin from which, when stirred deeply, torrents of eloquence issue so rapidly as to defy stenographic report ; in a voice that vibrates often like a trumpet blown by flowing thought or the escape of compressed passion ; and his figure is commanding, full six feet high, slim and elastic in middle life, always erect as a shaft ; a rejected Irish applicant before his court spoke of him as " that confounded Injun of a Pryor."

Of fire in a sparkling mind of quick decision, ever in action with vigorous thought and positive convictions ; of fire in flaming passions of ardent patriotism, of strong devotion to the people and scenes of his boyhood, of love of literature from his childhood, of love of politics, of love of law.

Of fire too in ambition, but the best of this fire is in a determined purpose to be the thorough master of that which is undertaken, a trait of character which he did not prove, even to those closest to him, till he was well advanced into the second part of his double life, but which he early expressed, when a boy of twelve, saying to a kinswoman (as kinswomen were counted in Virginia) : " I am going to make my mark at whatever I do ; if it is blacksmithing, I will be a good blacksmith."

With his fire, there is gentleness ; gentleness to children, consideration of the lowly, tenderness with suffering, deference for age.

Ancestry.

He was born *of distinction* by ancestry, as each of his names indicates : Roger Atkinson Pryor. His birth was in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, July 19th, 1828. His father, Theodorick Pryor, was a lawyer then, but afterwards became a Presby-

terian pastor, eminent for piety, eloquence, and usefulness. His mother was Lucy Eppes Atkinson, a name borne by many men and women distinguished in church, law, literature, and education.

Through his grandmother Pryor, who was Ann Bland, he traces back lineally, collaterally, or connectively, to all the Blands and Randolphs who figured so actively in the Colonial and early State history of Virginia and of the United States; to Thomas Jefferson, to Chief Justice Marshall, and to many others whom an admiring people have declared "on Fame's eternall bead-roll worthie to be fyled." There were: The original Theodorick Bland, of Westover, who came to Virginia as early as 1650; the brothers Theodorick and Richard Bland of Revolutionary fame; Peyton Randolph, president of the first Colonial Congress; Edmund J. Randolph, first Attorney-General of the United States; later, John Randolph of Roanoke, the incomparable. All of these, who lived at the time, were active Revolutionists during that struggle, and after it most of them were ardent State's Rights interpreters of the Constitution as opposed to the Federalists. This pedigree in blood and politics, registered on the pages of American history, foretold very plainly where the younger shoot, Roger Pryor, would stand amid the agitations of his day.

Mr. Jefferson said of Richard Bland, his lineal ancestor, that he was "the ablest man south of James River," and his learning and historical writings gained for him even in England the name of "Virginia Antiquary." General Pryor has been known to say that the Pryors got their brains from the Blands; his father used to say that he thought they had some brains before the Blands came in.

Services.

He was born *for distinction* in service. His talents, energy, and capacity for work fitted him for it; the varied and momentous movements of his day have given him opportunities for it. Without detracting from the past, it may be said that his life has sustained and added to the reputation of his ancestry. Follow that life. His mother died when he was still an infant, less than two years old. After his father's entry into the ministry and second marriage, he settled in Nottoway County, Virginia, as pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Much of the son's earlier years was spent in the father's home here, the Old Place, and his earlier education was received in the old-field schools of the county and at the Classical Academy of Ephraim Dodd Saunders, in Petersburg.

In 1843 he entered Hampden-Sidney College and graduated with distinction in '45, being valedictorian of his class, the pride of the Union Society, in whose hall his portrait now hangs, and noted for love of general reading.

In the autumn of 1845, he went to the University of Virginia and combined with other courses the study of law under Professor John B. Minor.

He married there Miss Sara A. Rice, a brilliant and beautiful woman, November 8th, 1848, when himself just twenty years of age. A rash act for a young man without an inheritance? But "Pryor will be rash." It was "election day," a coincidence that takes the color of an omen in the light of after years. Their Golden Wedding is now nearly five years past, and she has been a helpmeet for him, through struggles and triumphs, and can be called "the weaker vessel" only *pro forma*. The felicity of his married life is reflected in a court utterance when this event was approaching: "My observation is, that disagreements are most frequent at first in married life; with time the yoke wears easier, and the true honeymoon is from the twenty-fifth to the fiftieth year."

After offering for the practise of law for a short time at Charlottesville, his predilection for politics and equipment in miscellaneous reading led him to turn to editorial work, and he founded the *Southside Democrat*, Petersburg, Virginia, in 1850.

He was in Washington City in 1851-52, with John W. Forney on the Washington *Union*, the administration organ of the Democratic party at the time, but returned to Virginia in 1853, and was associated for several years with the Ritchies on the Richmond *Enquirer*.

His journalistic career, begun at twenty-two, was phenomenal, and he became eminent, when almost a boy, as an editor upon these papers, which were leaders in forming the policies of the Democratic party during that most stirring decade of United States political history. An editorial in the Washington *Union*, on the Crimean War then in progress, favorable to Russia, won him distinction abroad. It received attention in England, and was copied and translated into European papers of several languages.

His editorials in *The Enquirer* during the Virginia campaign of 1855 against the Know-Nothing party furnished the campaign thunder of the canvassers of the State. They were the argument and text of the Democratic party. He also himself appeared frequently on "the stump." When Governor Wise was elected as the result and the Know-Nothing party, which had had a great "run," was broken, Governor Wise wrote him that he owed him more than any man in Virginia, and the Democracy of the State presented him with a silver service as a public testimonial of appreciation of his services.

His work on the Washington *Union*, especially the editorial on the Crimean War, led to his appointment by President Pierce, as special commissioner to Greece, in 1884, to adjust a controversy relating to the status of missionaries and American citizens residing in that country; which mission he executed with diplomatic credit, recognized at home and abroad.

He was a very active member of the Montgomery Commercial Convention of 1858—commercial in name, political in purpose—where first hints of organized resistance to the Federal Government and immediate secession took shape, and where plain resolutions for the reopening of the slave trade were introduced. The Gulf States and the gifted William L. Yancey led the movement. The reply of the border States and the conservative element in the South to Mr. Yancey was delivered by Mr. Pryor in a masterly speech, and the resolutions were defeated.

His reputation as a political writer, keen debater, and brilliant orator had become national now, and he was elected in 1859 to the House of Representatives in the United States Congress, from the Fourth (the Petersburg) District of Virginia, to succeed the lamented William O. Goode, of Mecklenburg, who had died in his seat. The newspapers of the State and district really nominated Mr. Pryor before the assembling of the convention. He was returned in 1860 without opposition. Things were strained, things were tragic, then in Washington, with events coming thick and fast that soon split this country asunder in the earthquake throes of civil war.

The Virginia delegation in the House were generally either Unionists or conservatives waiting the action of their State. Pryor's political inclinations and conduct were with the conservatives, till the panorama of 1860 was well unrolled. Then in the Presidential campaign of that year, which was really one of war or peace, he espoused the cause of Breckenridge and Lane, the Southern cause, and became a fiery secessionist. He went everywhere as a "stormy petrel" preaching the doctrines of "organized resistance," conditioned always on the assumption that Mr. Lincoln should be elected and be invested with "the Federal prerogative," and he excited the public mind of all lower and Southern Virginia as no other man could have done. This campaign was his most effective public service and these speeches are the oratorical chapter of his life. The subject, the occasion, *the man*, and the audiences met. At Nottoway Court-House, the reporter said, "Never man spake like this man." In Petersburg, a Union citizen from Danville, with Whig ancestry back to the Revolution, who had never had patience before to listen to an attack on the Union, heard him, attracted, while strolling about, by the majestic appearance of a man like an Indian, speaking from the wharf. The result was that he became an ardent secessionist, invited Pryor to Danville, where there were not "six Breckenridge men," and when he left there were not "six" who voted against Breckenridge. At Lawrenceville, the county-seat of Brunswick, an overwhelmingly Union county, Pryor was to speak. Three thousand men gathered to hear him. The county leader was placed on the long hotel porch just under him; the crowd stood in the street below. The plan was that the crowd should interrupt and the leader break him down by asking questions. Pryor proceeded, the leader

forgot his questions and the crowd forgot to interrupt, swaying to and fro with him as he fell into a secession trance-frenzy and walked back and forth along the porch railing, pouring burning words into their bosoms. In the crush, as the crowd surged back and forth with him, many were borne down, some were injured.

During this campaign, he first gave currency to the phrase, "the irrepressible conflict," so often used by Mr. Lincoln; and Daniel Dougherty, the Pennsylvanian of silver tongue, has since called him "the Harry Hotspur of the Confederacy."

The war came in '61. Virginia seceded. He took his place with his State and his country, the Confederate States of America. He was elected to and served in the Confederate Congress, until "active hostilities" commenced, for which his restless spirit panted. Then he resigned his seat and went into the field as Colonel of a regiment.

After the battle of Williamsburg he was promoted Brigadier-General for gallantry by Major-General Joseph E. Johnston, who ordered the words "Williamsburg and Seven Pines" to be emblazoned on his regimental banner. In consequence of a misunderstanding with the Confederate War Department, he resigned his commission, and enlisted in the ranks in '63. There is not a nobler period in his life than this. For some eight months he served as a private soldier in the Nottoway Cavalry, Company E, Third Virginia Regiment, as cheerfully, as dauntlessly, as when in Brigade Headquarters or Congressional Halls, shirking no duty under privilege, commanded by men whom he had been leading from their boyhood. He was detailed for duty as special courier and scout under Lee around Petersburg in '64, being familiar with every inch of the ground. On one of these missions he was taken prisoner by violation of an informal truce, such as the soldiers of the two lines often made for the interchange of newspapers and camp comforts; a dastardly deed, done because his unmistakable, striking figure, as true to description as to photograph, was recognized. He was closely confined in a casemate at Fort Lafayette, New York, for more than half a year, until liberated on parole for exchange, by Mr. Lincoln, twenty days before the surrender.

That surrender came at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865—Memorable Day! And such a surrender! None can know who have not made such surrender. It can not be learned from recitals of historians or descriptions of orators. It was not a surrender of arms and flags and the payment of an indemnity in dollars. It was the surrender of customs as old as Jamestown, that had become habits of nature, that could no more be substituted, than the foot of an amputated limb can be substituted, except by false ones; the surrender of sentiments, that could no more be eradicated, than the nerve anatomy can be extracted; the surrender of principles, that could no more be unbosomed, than the heart can be taken out; the surrender

of property and of the basis of gaining property, except by unknown and unexperienced methods; the surrender of a social system and its substitution by a strange order, that made a man a foreigner in his own home; the surrender of country to become defunct, never to know resuscitation; the land was left, the sky was left, but no country; the surrender of everything but religion and life; these were guaranteed, conditionally. The men walked away with the old religion to build a new life and to return to an old country; and they and their children have done it.

Here ends the first chapter of his life. His career and services had been varied, brilliant, excited, conspicuous, widely noted, but not concentrated.

New York.

Now the second chapter opens, a chapter diversified and full of action still, but defined and convergent in every line. During this period he has been invited to represent once more his party in Congress from New York, and has frequently represented it in conventions, State and National, but the exigencies of his profession and other purposes in life have not allowed him to enter the field of politics again. He was made LL. D. by Hampden-Sidney in 1884.

The chafing champion of secession and Brigadier of "the Rebellion" went in the September of '65 to New York City, the metropolis of his conquerors, with a few borrowed dollars, less than a hundred, and without a profession to practise their laws before their courts. The venture and the result find few parallels.

In this chapter, the determination of the boy, "if a blacksmith, to be a good one," looms up, and the eminent jurist walks through it, regnant on hostile soil. To the surprise even of his friends the political debater becomes a learned justice, the passionate Virginian an American. He set himself diligently to the study of law again, that he might be admitted to the New York bar. Meanwhile he maintained his large family by editorial work on New York papers, and often the silver service, given by a loving constituency, little recking what they did, stood him in good stead as collateral. The privations and sufferings of himself and family, during those first five years in New York, must not be told here. The anguish of his life came to him also then in the death of his eldest son, Theodorick Bland Pryor, who graduated at Princeton with the first honor of his class and the mathematical fellowship; was sent to Cambridge, England, where in six months he won an English scholarship, and returned home, full of honor and happiness, to die at the age of twenty.

In due time, he was admitted to the practise of law by examination. Let a New York daily tell the sequel: "After starting his practise, he rose speedily to

eminence. His great talents and acumen demanded recognition. The Tilton-Beecher case and the Morey letter case brought him prominently before the public. These were followed by the famous Sprague case in Rhode Island and the impeachment case of Governor Ames in Mississippi, which brought him a *national* reputation. When O'Donnell was put on trial in London for the murder of informer Carney, Mr. Pryor was sent across to defend him, and his reputation became *international*." Many other cases, as the anarchist cases in Chicago, the sugar monopoly case in Washington when he struck an early blow against "trusts," might have been added.

In 1890 he became Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of New York, and continued so till '95, when he was made Justice of the Supreme Court, from which he was retired in 1898 by the age limit of seventy ripe years, full of action; and he is still in action, doing a large practise. When chosen judge, he led the ticket, being elected by 60,000 majority, receiving a larger vote than even the Governor at the head of it.

It is in divorce and corporation law that Judge Pryor has shown special fearlessness, ability, and absolute incorruptibility in interpreting and maintaining the statutes. When he retired from the bench, the *New York World* said: "That fine gentleman and learned judge, Roger A. Pryor, sat for the last time in the Supreme Court yesterday. The Justice has furnished here a whiff of the old chivalry of the South before the war. Blown into the colder atmosphere of the New York courts, he has always been instinct with that chivalry in his treatment of women litigants.

"He one day startled the courtroom by declaring he would not believe the confession of a correspondent, backed by the statement of a private detective, against the unsupported denial of a woman. Correspondents who testified against women have been made most unhappy by Justice Pryor.

"'It is infamous to marry a woman just for her money!' he impulsively exclaimed.

"For himself as the representative of the law, Justice Pryor has always commanded the utmost respect. There was a wordy and acrimonious dispute between counsel in chambers where Pryor was sitting. He tapped gently on the floor before him, the disputants became silent, and in the gentlest tone the Judge said: 'Please to remember, gentlemen, when you practise law in this part of the court and when I am on the bench, that it is as important to study Chesterfield as Blackstone.'

"Necessarily, Justice Pryor is a true American. He refused an application for the incorporation of a club of foreign-born citizens in New York and has always closely questioned applicants for naturalization and always promptly

rejected them, if ignorant of what citizenship in this country means. It was one of these who proclaimed him an 'Injun.'"

So this duelist in field and forum, this secessionist fore and aft, went to New York, direct from the field of battle, and the fire of the elements in him consumed opposition, burned away barriers and opened to him the position of Justice of the Supreme Court in the metropolis of the Empire State of the Empress Republic of the earth, and he is called there: "A gentle, gracious, kindly gentleman of the old school—kind in the home, kind on the bench."

A country boy of the poor lands of Dinwiddie and the old fields and simple homes of Nottoway, editor, politician, special ambassador, member of Congress of the United States and of the Confederate States, General in the Southern Army, private soldier, prisoner, penniless and countryless man, lawyer, judge, justice; in the retrospect of this chequered career, the thing he recalls with most satisfaction is, that instead of succumbing under the ruin in which the war involved him at the age of thirty-seven, in middle life, he equipped himself for a new profession, and although poor and with a large family, he struggled with such patience and industry, that in a strange and then hostile community, he has achieved a fair measure of success.

May his merciful God and the faith of his fathers preserve his remaining years in peace and usefulness, free from life's cares and trials, and shielded from its storms and battles.

REV. T. P. EPES, D. D.

Blackstone, Virginia.





Dr. B. M. Smith.

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.



ONE who was on "the Hill," as the site of Hampden-Sidney College and Union Theological Seminary has been familiarly called from time immemorial, from the fifties to the seventies of the last century, frequently saw several well-known figures now passed away from human view: Professor Martin, picturesque, with long grey beard floating on the wind, going to meet a Latin or Greek class—a little late; Professor Holladay, on an afternoon stroll with a favorite pointer; Dr. Atkinson, with earnest face and stalwart frame, taking long strides through fields and woods in easy conversation with some student who loved him and wanted to learn from him; Dr. Dabney, in his garden working with the same determination and vim in taking his exercise and recreation as in his greater sphere of the lecture-room; Dr. Peck, wearing gold spectacles and taking

his constitutional walk with measured step, in somewhat the same exact and careful way as that in which he led his students along the paths of Church History and Polity. But there was no form more familiar to the eye than that of Dr. Smith, who never seemed to walk for recreation, exercise, or any such frivolities, but always because he had to go somewhere to do something or to see that something was done. He was one of the busiest of men—busy in the lecture-room, in his study, on the road, and wherever he happened to be his hands seemed always full. His course of instruction was by no means light; yet in addition to this, the affairs of the Seminary of many kinds fell largely to his charge; while the duties of his copastorate of College Church, a wide correspondence, and the care of a little farm and his family imposed an additional burden. It is not strange then, that, whether you saw him with his portfolio under his arm, going to his classes, or on horseback, going out to visit his congregation, or on foot, starting out to look after his farming operations, you always said to yourself, "Here is a man who has much to do, and he is doing it with his might."

In the hard times just after the war when the resources of the Seminary were destroyed or unproductive, and there was little or no salary, especially during the summer of 1865, Dr. Smith, like Dr. Dabney, could be seen daily going forth to, or returning from, the fields in which, with his own hands he tilled the land to secure food for his household.

His busiest time of all was probably that during which he was writing his commentary on the Psalms and the Proverbs, as his part of the work now known as "The Bible Commentary" of Jamieson, Fausset, and Brown. The Hebrew students of that time will ever bear a vivid remembrance of the recitations in that language before breakfast on dark winter mornings to which the sleepy procession went down, each with lamp in hand, to find a professor who was himself quite wide-awake and very quick to catch the dilatory student napping.

Dr. Smith was born at Montrose, Powhatan County, Virginia, June 30th, 1811. His mother, who was widowed in his early childhood, had the sole responsibility of directing his conduct and shaping his character; and such was her character, that to his dying day, her memory was cherished by him with the tenderest reverence and filial affection.

He was graduated at Hampden-Sidney College in 1829; and though only eighteen years old, divided the first honor with the late Chancellor Garland of Vanderbilt University. He has left interesting and humorous accounts of his first experiences at college, when as a boy of fourteen "in roundabouts" he began his course. He had declaimed at school, but delivering a speech of his own he found quite another matter. He tells of his first debate in the hall of the Union Society soon after he entered college. His name beginning with S., many were called on

before his turn came, and every one declined. When he was called and actually stood up to speak, small as he was, there was a silence which was appalling to so young a speaker. The question was whether the world would not have been better off if Napoleon had never lived. He had prepared no speech, but was determined to do his best, and so said: "I think Bonaparte was a very bad man!" and took his seat. He remarks that he was never scared afterwards. His capacity for stage fright seems to have been exhausted on that occasion. It scared all the scare out of him. Such was his success in speaking that he was chosen to represent his class at commencement, and at his graduation delivered a first honor oration.

Feeling assured that he was called to preach the gospel, after teaching two sessions at Milton, N. C., he attended Union Theological Seminary, and after finishing his course, and perhaps before, served as assistant instructor in Hebrew. He afterwards attended the Theological Department of the University of Halle, Germany, where among his teachers was the celebrated Tholuc, to whom he seems to have been much attached. After his return to America, he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Danville, Virginia, and afterwards, of Tinkling Spring and Waynesboro. While in the latter pastorate he was married to Miss Mary Morrison, daughter of the Rev. James Morrison, pastor of New Providence Church. She still survives at the good old age of eighty-one.

Later, he was called to the pastorate of the church in Staunton, which he served until he was chosen Secretary of Publication, and went to Philadelphia to take charge of this great work. In April, 1854, he was elected professor of Oriental Literature in Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, and returned to his native State to enter upon that which was to be the great work of his life, training young men for the ministry. It is said that, first and last, during the thirty-seven years in which he taught in the Seminary, nearly seven hundred men received the impress of his moulding hands.

As a teacher, Dr. Smith was eminently practical and straightforward. There have been few instructors who have excelled him in impressing on their students a feeling of deep reverence for the Bible as the Word of God, and in applying plain, common-sense principles of interpretation in expounding it. He combined critical and exegetical methods in a most happy way. His sojourn in Germany had on him an effect the very opposite of that which it has had on many American students. Instead of being carried away with the neological theories so prevalent there, he seems only to have been impressed with the extreme danger of rationalistic principles, and thereby the better prepared for warning others against them. His robust understanding and firm faith stood steadfast amid the currents of tendencies that have swept so many feeble men from the moorings of faith into

the swirling gulfs of skepticism, while his knowledge of them enabled him to station warning signals for those who came under his instruction in after years. It would be impossible to say to what extent the firm stand of the Southern Presbyterian Church on vital questions to-day is due to Dr. Smith's teaching and influence. All felt that he—unlike so many professors of Theology and writers on Theological themes, who with the word "reverence" continually used, yet remorselessly trample under foot the most sacred verities of Scripture—could say with Paul, "We * * BELIEVE, and therefore speak."

One of the greatest services which Dr. Smith rendered to the cause of ministerial education, for which he did so much in many ways, was his energetic work in securing a financial basis for the continuance of the work of Union Theological Seminary just after the Civil War when its resources were so seriously affected by the general wreck and havoc of that unhappy era. Few men knew more people or had more influence over them. Knowing of many in the North who would, in all likelihood, be glad to extend a helping hand to the prostrate institution, he did what few Southern men, in their sore-heartedness and humiliation, could have done. He went to these friends and made known to them the facts of the case. A generous response was the result. His old friend, Cyrus H. McCormick, gave \$30,000 for endowing one professorship, and Mrs. S. P. Lees, Mr. Henry Young, Mr. H. K. Corning, besides many others, gave generously for the rehabilitation of the Seminary. Among these donations should be mentioned that of Mrs. Brown, of Baltimore, for the erection of the new library building, an enterprise to which Dr. Smith's energies were earnestly directed for several years. It is thus referred to by Dr. W. W. Moore in a historical sketch of Union Seminary:

"It has already been noted that the Brown Library Hall was erected in 1880. The writer, who was then a student in the Seminary, remembers well the laying of the corner-stone with Masonic ceremonies and an address by Dr. Smith. That was a glad day for all the friends of the Seminary, but especially so for the man who had done so much to reestablish the institution after the war; who had watched and promoted the growth of the library with almost parental solicitude, and who had secured the liberal donation by means of which the books were now to be suitably housed and conveniently arranged for future generations of professors and students. Before the erection of the commodious building with room for 30,000 volumes or more, the 11,000 books already gathered were crowded into bursting shelves in the galleries of the Seminary chapel. When moved into the new building, they were, of course, rearranged and catalogued, a laborious task which had twice before been performed by Dr. Smith, viz., in 1834 and in 1869. In his report as librarian in 1869, after stating that he had again entered all the books in a manuscript catalogue, and also in a well-bound printed and double

interleaved volume, he says: 'It is gratifying to state that, during a period of thirty-five years since the printed catalogue was prepared by me, I find that not over two or three volumes have been lost, and those of no great value.' "

But friends of the Seminary in Virginia, also, added liberally to the resources of the institution. In 1877 Mrs. Ann Davidson, of Rockingham County, left, by will, several thousand dollars with which the scholarship bearing her name was founded, and an unknown giver founded the Tabb Street Church scholarship by the gift of \$5,000.

The largest of these scholarships was endowed by Mr. Joseph Blair Wilson, of Colliertown, Va., who, first and last, gave \$34,000 for the purpose. When we remember that to Dr. Smith's personal influence and unceasing endeavors, most of these accessions to the resources of the Seminary were chiefly due, it does not seem strange that he was a busy-looking man.

Some may wonder how Dr. Smith and Dr. Dabney, gentlemen and scholars as they were, could bring themselves to the performance of such arduous tasks as their farming, which has been mentioned, involved.

One answer is in the word, necessity. The other is that they were real men as well as gentlemen, and where duty called they went. Hoeing corn, pulling fodder, and similar occupations were the duty of the hour for them in 1865 when the labor system had been suddenly broken up, and there was little money in their purses with which they could have employed it if it had been available.

Two students of Theology will always remember recitations to Dr. Dabney in the waning light of the evenings of that summer, when, after his day's work in the field, he would sit with them on his portico and examine them, without book, on what they had learned during the day in Hill's Divinity, which he had given them as the text-book for the time, though Turretin was the regular text-book studied in the Seminary in connection with his lectures and reference books. Though his hands had been wielding the hoe all day, he could not let them be idle now; and while examining his students he was generally engaged in plaiting straw with which to make a hat. It is hard to say now just how, in each case, families lived through the war times and those immediately succeeding. Living "on nothing a year" was a hard problem indeed. A glimpse into the way it was done may be gotten in this hat-making, and in the exhibition of samples of home-weaving by the ladies when in their social gatherings. In addition to their neat homespun dresses, each would have on hand a variety of samples of various patterns which she had woven with her own hands.

The writer remembers, as one of Dr. Smith's thrifty devices of the time, the turning of envelopes inside out. When a letter was received, the envelope was opened by no means carelessly—steamed, possibly—and then turned, made over

with home-made mucilage and sent back with the answer enclosed. At this time, especially, his correspondence was voluminous and envelopes were probably quite dear. The making of "filibusses" was another scheme for doing away with the use of matches then under a heavy stamp tax. The old letters, instead of being burned after reading, were torn in strips and skilfully rolled in a graceful spiral so as to form excellent lighters for lamps, while they were not unornamental to the mantelpiece, standing in a flower-vase, as they generally did. He had the same disposition to keep his hands busy as Dr. Dabney. Though he did not, like him, make cart-wheels, doubtless many a sermon or lecture was shaped in his mind while these "filibusses" were rolled in his deft fingers. Where he got the name I never knew. Walker's filibustering expedition of some years before may have suggested this as a mode of harmless filibustering on the domain of the match manufacturers.

We can think of few greater contrasts than that between the work of these fingers and that of the mind which was subconsciously, or half-consciously, moving them.

Dr. Smith was at this time striving to save the Seminary and to set it on a new career of usefulness.

Through these years of stress and struggle he could say of this great work, "This one thing I do," though minor occupations were continually claiming his attention and receiving their relative share of it. Not only did he succeed in retrieving the losses occasioned by the war, but in preparing the institution for a larger work than it had ever accomplished before.

Whilst one of the most conservative of teachers in the best sense, he was at the same time progressive and enterprising in securing the best means for keeping abreast of the times and equipping the Seminary with the best appliances for furthering the knowledge and culture of the students. The progress of archæology, which has become so marked a characteristic of our times, was comparatively in its infant stages then; but it enlisted his deep interest—especially everything in it connected with the newly-deciphered cuneiform inscriptions. This can be illustrated by another extract from Dr. Moore's sketch. He sought help in this line from those able to give it.

"Among the donations of this period were an inscribed brick from Babylonia, two valuable casts of other cuneiform tablets in the British Museum, and a set of fine photographs of the cities of the seven churches in Asia, all presented in 1879 by Mr. W. R. Reynolds, of Norfolk, Va. In 1883-84 the same liberal gentleman made another generous gift to the library, a plaster cast *facsimile* of the celebrated black marble obelisk of Shalmanezzer II (850 B. C.), with its wealth of bas-relief sculpture and cuneiform text. About the same time, at Dr. Smith's

request, Professor J. R. S. Sterrett, a member of the Wolfe expedition to Babylonia, purchased for the library two additional cuneiform tablets of small size."

During the eighteen years after the Civil War, Dr. Smith, while accomplishing so much for the general interests of the Seminary, had borne the whole burden of teaching in the department of Oriental Literature without assistance. In 1883 the Board of Directors took action looking to the employment of an assistant in this work. In the language of the record: "The consideration leading to this step is the propriety of bringing some relief to the Rev. Dr. B. M. Smith, the able, faithful, and honored professor in that department, in view of the weight of advancing years and the disabilities which naturally attend upon them."

Their choice, at Dr. Smith's own suggestion, fell upon the Rev. W. W. Moore, then a young pastor in Kentucky, who had been graduated from the Seminary a few years before, and who is now widely known as one of the ablest professors and most attractive preachers in our country.

For those who knew Dr. Smith only in his extreme old age when the strength and brightness of his faculties had somewhat waned, it will be interesting to have the estimate of an honored colleague who knew him at his best. The Rev. Dr. H. C. Alexander, in a paper before me, speaks, as only one so capable of appreciating his varied excellences could, of his rare executive ability when he was in his prime; his astonishing facility and fecundity as an offhand speaker; of his more formal addresses before church boards and judicatories, as well as popular assemblies; of his peculiar, almost unrivaled, genius, in his best days for debate; of his felicitous, and sometimes humorous, after-dinner speeches (or talks)—as for instance, at one of the triennial banquets of Washington and Lee University, and (in a more serious and impressive vein) at the Hampden-Sidney Centennial; of his unusual gifts and success as a pastor, both in town and country; of his long and useful service as collegiate pastor (with his mighty colleague, Dr. Dabney) at Hampden-Sidney and of his extraordinary qualifications and merits as an effective, as well as instructive, preacher, when he was roused to the utmost by the audience or the occasion."

He tells us of the estimate of a most competent judge of preaching: "Joseph Addison Waddell * * * * has calmly said to me that he has heard Dr. Smith preach in Staunton when he seemed to him to be 'almost inspired to say exactly the right thing, in exactly the right words, exactly at the right time.'"

But his own testimony is hardly less emphatic:

"The strongest impression I ever knew him to make by a single memorable discourse was at Columbus, Mississippi, during the meeting of the General Assembly. Dr. Palmer preached that day; but on returning from one of the Methodist

churches where I had held forth, myself, all the town was agog about Dr. Smith's grand sermon on the Kingdom of God."

Dr. Alexander also speaks of his remarkable gifts as a debater, and remarks on a peculiarity in his case. While it is generally the case in the discussion of great questions that the first speech is the best, because it has been thoroughly thought out and arranged in the speaker's mind for the occasion beforehand, Dr. Smith grew stronger and stronger as a debate proceeded; and, so, very generally carried his point. He had the faculty of thinking while on his legs, and his speeches thus thought out often gave the impression of elaborate and painstaking composition.

One of his successors in the pastorate of Tinkling Spring Church tells of the impression he made on thinking men in the eldership of churches in the Valley of Virginia, and of the widely pervasive and permanent influence he exercised in that region of stalwart Presbyterianism: "The old men in Waynesboro, Bethel, Staunton, Tinkling Spring, all talked to me about him. Such men as old Mr. Matthew Pilson, Mr. Withrow, and Dr. Waddell, of Waynesboro, Captain Ben Ellis, and many others, all bore testimony to the fact that *there never was such a preacher*, after Dr. Speece, in the Valley of Virginia, and there were giants in those days too." He adds: "His preaching did more than that of any other man to shape the Presbyterian Church to the needs of a more active life. To him was due a good deal of the impulse which gave the church deacons well organized sessions, carefully kept rolls; and especially to him, much of the spirit of giving. The church was loyal, but did little work. Tinkling Spring, before 1840, did little more than meet for worship. One thing which took Dr. Smith to Staunton was to stir up Waynesboro and Tinkling Spring to support pastors separately; and the experiment was a decided success in many ways. As an ecclesiastic, his Valley life was as conspicuously successful. Both his boldness and readiness and his efficiency as a Presbyterian were important factors in the early Virginia church."

Dr. Alexander also gives another view in concluding: "What he was as a social companion; as a friendly adviser; as a man of affairs, earthly and ecclesiastical; in the bosom of his domestic privacies—I must leave without further description or comment."

The great number of young men whom he has encouraged or warned or helped in various ways could bear testimony to his wisdom and goodness, but only those who have dwelt under his roof could know what he was to those nearest and dearest to him. Though never foolishly lavish and indulgent to his children, his tender affection and attention to every want can never be forgotten. A speaker in the Synod of Virginia some years ago spoke of the homes clustered about the Seminary as "little heavens." Many who knew Dr. Smith in his family

life will ever bear in their memories the scene at the time of family prayers, when his large circle was gathered, each furnished with a hymn-book (and expected to sing) ; the reverent reading of the Word of God, like that of Burns's inimitable Cotter and the humble and earnest petitions at a throne of grace. To some it seems a heavenly dream of the past.

"Sweet dreamland faces
Passing to and fro,
Bring back to memory
Days of long ago."

This sketch would be incomplete without some reference to what was an essential element in Dr. Smith's efficiency for the work he accomplished—his personal religious life and experience. Serious thoughts came to him in early childhood. Among his very early recollections was that of his father's dying blessing, when as a child of six years old he stood by his bedside and felt on his head the feeble hand stretched out from the bed of death, and heard the invocation of God's blessing upon him. In his old age he wrote that for sixty-two years he had felt the pressure of that hand.

When leaving for college at fourteen years of age, he was taken into a private room by his widowed mother and solemnly dedicated and entrusted to God. Religious impressions were made on him at different times ; but he was led to a final decision during a series of services held by that remarkable winner of souls, the Rev. Asahel Nettleton.

The question of duty as to his life-work caused him many spiritual struggles. There is still extant a writing containing in parallel columns the reasons for and against giving himself to the work of the ministry.

After his decision was made, recorded experiences in stated times of fasting, prayer, and self-examination show how earnestly he strove to prepare himself for the great work. These seasons of private fasting and prayer were continued to old age, and it is impressive to see in his private records of them his deep sense of sin, his self-abasement before God, and his entire dependence on Christ alone for forgiveness of sins and acceptance with God. His experience of salvation as a lost and ruined sinner through the redemption of Christ our Saviour was doubtless a chief factor in his efficiency in proclaiming, as he did, the precious gospel promises for the salvation of other sinners.

REV. PARKE P. FLOURNOY, D. D.



"A Howling Swell"





The grave and reverend
SENIOR.

Senior Class.

Motto :

Virtute non Verbis.

Colors :

Orange and Blue.

Bell.

Chippe-go-ree, go-ri, go-roo!
Ziprah-Ziprah, Orange and Blue!
Hippero, hiro, hiscum, hee!
Rah, rah, rah, rah!
Nineteen-three.

Officers.

First Term.

J. K. IRVING, JR President W. C. JACKSON
J. MARTIN Vice-President G. S. HARNESBERGER
W. C. JACKSON Secretary and Treasurer S. C. AKERS
W. T. WILLIAMS, JR Historian W. T. WILLIAMS, JR.

Second Term.

Postgraduates.

HARDY CROSS Hampden-Sidney, Va.

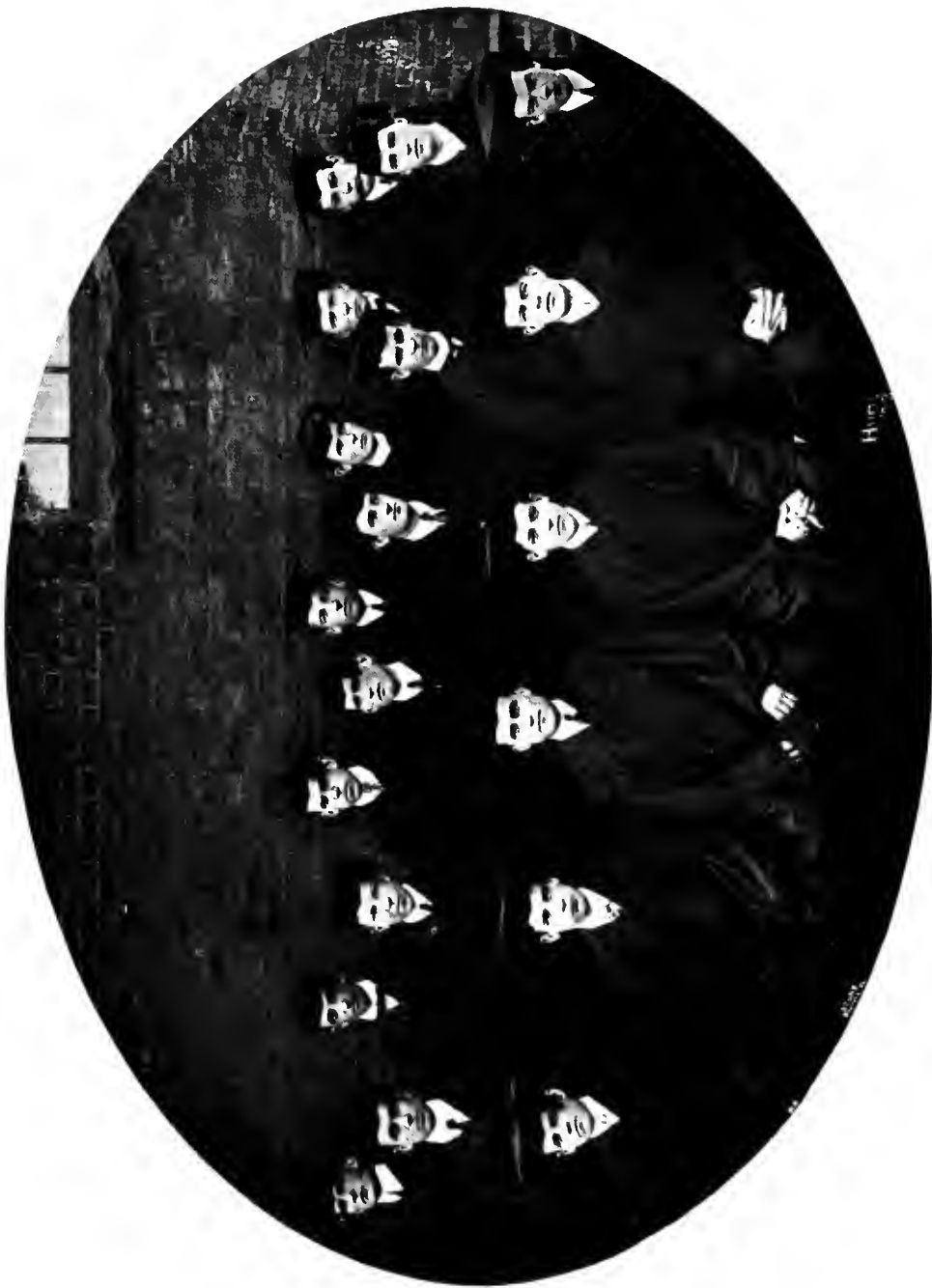
K A, Union.

Sophomore Essayist's Medal, 1899-1900; Intermediate Invitation Committee, 1900-01;
Final Junior Orator, 1900-01; Delivered Junior Debater's Medal; Editor-in-Chief
Magazine, 1901-02; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1901-02; Treasurer of Class, Second Term,
1901-02; Final Senior Orator, 1901-02; A. B., with First Honor and Valedictory,
1902; *Magazine* Staff, 1902-03; Fellow and Instructor of Mathematics and English,
1902-03.

HOUSTON BURGER MOORE Mossy Creek, Va.

Philanthropic.

College Football Team; Class Football Team; Fellow and Instructor of Latin and
Greek, 1902-03; A. B., Second Honor, 1902.



SENIOR CLASS.

The Seniors.

SIMON CASABIANCA AKERS Concord Depot, Va.
Union.

President of Class, 1899-1900; Ministerial Scholarship; Track Team; Vice-President of Y. M. C. A., 1900-01; Manager Y. M. C. A. Reading-Room; Secretary and Treasurer of Class 1902-03; Senior Class Dramatic Club; Final Invitation Committee, 1902-03.

JOHN ALFRED CLARKE Danville, Va.
Philanthropic.

Y. M. C. A. Librarian, 1902-03.

WALTER FIELDHOUSE CLARKE Danville, Va.
Philanthropic.

PETER WILKERSON HAMLETT Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Union.

GEORGE S. HARNESBERGER Shenandoah, Va.
Philanthropic.

Historian of Class, 1901-02; Final Senior President of Philanthropic Society, 1903.

WYCLIFFE CECIL JACKSON Dutch, Va.
Philanthropic.

Junior Intermediate Orator, 1901-02; Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1902-03; Junior Final Orator, 1901-02; Junior Essayist's Medal, 1901-02; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1902-03; *Magazine* Staff, 1902-03; Senior Intermediate Orator, 1902-03; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1902-03; Class Football Team, 1902-03; Delegate to Southern Students' Conference, 1902-03; President of Class, Second Term, 1902-03; Final Invitation Committee, 1902-03.

HORACE PALMER JONES Cheriton, Va.
K A, Philanthropic.

Delivered Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1900-01; Gymnasium Team; College Baseball Team; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1901-02; President Athletic Association, 1901-02; Captain Track Team, 1901-02; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1901-02-03; Dramatic Club; Class Football Team; Marshal Intermediate, 1901-02; Chairman Intermediate Invitation Committee, 1901-02; Chairman Final Invitation Committee, 1902-03; Captain Class Football Team, 1902-03; Instructor of Gymnasium, 1902-03; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1902-03; Senior Orator's Medal, 1902-03; Final Junior Orator, 1902; Senior Class Dramatic Club; College Football Team, 1901-02-03; Delivered Junior Essayist's Medal, 1902.



SENIOR CLASS.

MAURICE BLAIR LANGHORNE Smithfield, Va.

Π K A, Union, Σ, V.

Class Football Team, 1900-01-02-03; Class Baseball Team, 1901-02-03; College Baseball Team, 1901-02-03; College Football Team, 1902-03; Final Invitation Committee, 1902-03.

WILLIAM SHARPE LEE Crewe, Va.

Φ F Δ, Philanthropic.

Freshman Declaimer's Medal, 1899-1900; Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1900-01; Class Baseball Team; Class Football Team, 1901-02-03; Final Senior Orator, 1903.

FRANK HURT MANN Nottoway, Va.

Π K A, Philanthropic.

President of Class, Second Term, 1900-01; Delegate to Southern Student Conference at Asheville, N. C., 1901-02; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1901-02; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1901-02; Assistant Instructor of Gymnasium, 1901-02; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1901-02-03; Assistant Librarian, 1902-03; Business Manager *Magazine*, 1902-03; President Y. M. C. A., 1902-03-04; Elected Fellow in Latin and Mathematics, 1903-04; Senior Class Dramatic Club.

JOHN MARTIN Richmond, Va.

Π K A, Union.

Secretary and Treasurer Class, First Term, 1901-02; Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1902-03; Chairman of Final Invitation Committee, 1901-02; Class Baseball Team, 1901-03; Manager Class Dramatic Club.

WILLIAM FEARN PATTON, JR Danville, Va.

K Σ, R. H. O. C. T., Θ N E, V, Union.

Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01-02; Class Baseball Team, 1901-02-03; Gymnasium Team, 1901-02-03; Track Team, 1900-01-02-03; Secretary of Class, 1901-02; Dramatic Club, 1901-02-03; Final Senior President of Union Society, 1902-03; Final Junior Orator, 1901-02; Assistant Instructor of Gymnasium, 1902-03; Manager College Baseball Team, 1902-03; Manager Class Baseball Team, 1902-03; Stage Director Senior Class Dramatic Club, 1902-03; Glee Club, 1902-03; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1902-03.

ROBERT SHEFFEY PRESTON Marion, Va.

Φ K Ψ, R. H. O. C. T., Σ, V, Union.

President of Class, First Term, 1900-01; College Baseball Team, 1901-02-03; College Football Team, 1901-02-03; Captain Track Team, 1902-03; Manager Football Team, 1902-03; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1901-02; Senior Intermediate Orator, 1902-03; Senior Orator's Medal, 1902-03; *Magazine* Staff, 1902-03; KALEIDOSCOPE, 1902-03; Business Manager Dramatic Club; Senior Class Dramatic Club; Delegate to Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Association, 1903.



SENIOR CLASS, II.

LUTHER SHELDON, JR Norfolk, Va.

K A, V, Union.

Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; President of Class, First Term, 1901-02; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1901-02; Alternate Delegate to Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Association, 1903; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1901-02; *Magazine* Staff, 1902; Senior Class Dramatic Club; College Football Team, 1902-03; Final Senior Orator, 1903; Delivered Junior Debater's Medal, 1902; Final Invitation Committee, 1902-03; Business Manager KALEIDOSCOPE, 1903.

WILLIAM EDWARD WEST Evington, Va.

Philanthropic.

Class Football Team, 1902-03.

WILLIAM TWYMAN WILLIAMS, JR Woodstock, Va.

X Φ , Philanthropic.

Magazine Medal, Junior Year; Editor-in-Chief of *Magazine*, 1902-03; Editor-in-Chief KALEIDOSCOPE, 1902-03; Class Baseball Team; Mandolin and Guitar Club, 1901-02-03; Senior Class Dramatic Club; Historian of Class; Manager of Mandolin and Guitar Club.

JAMES HOUSTON WOLVERTON Piedmont, W. Va.

Philanthropic.

Class Football Team.

JOHN CALVIN WOLVERTON Piedmont, W. Va.

Philanthropic.

Secretary of Class, 1902-03; Glee Club, 1902-03; Final Invitation Committee, 1902-03.

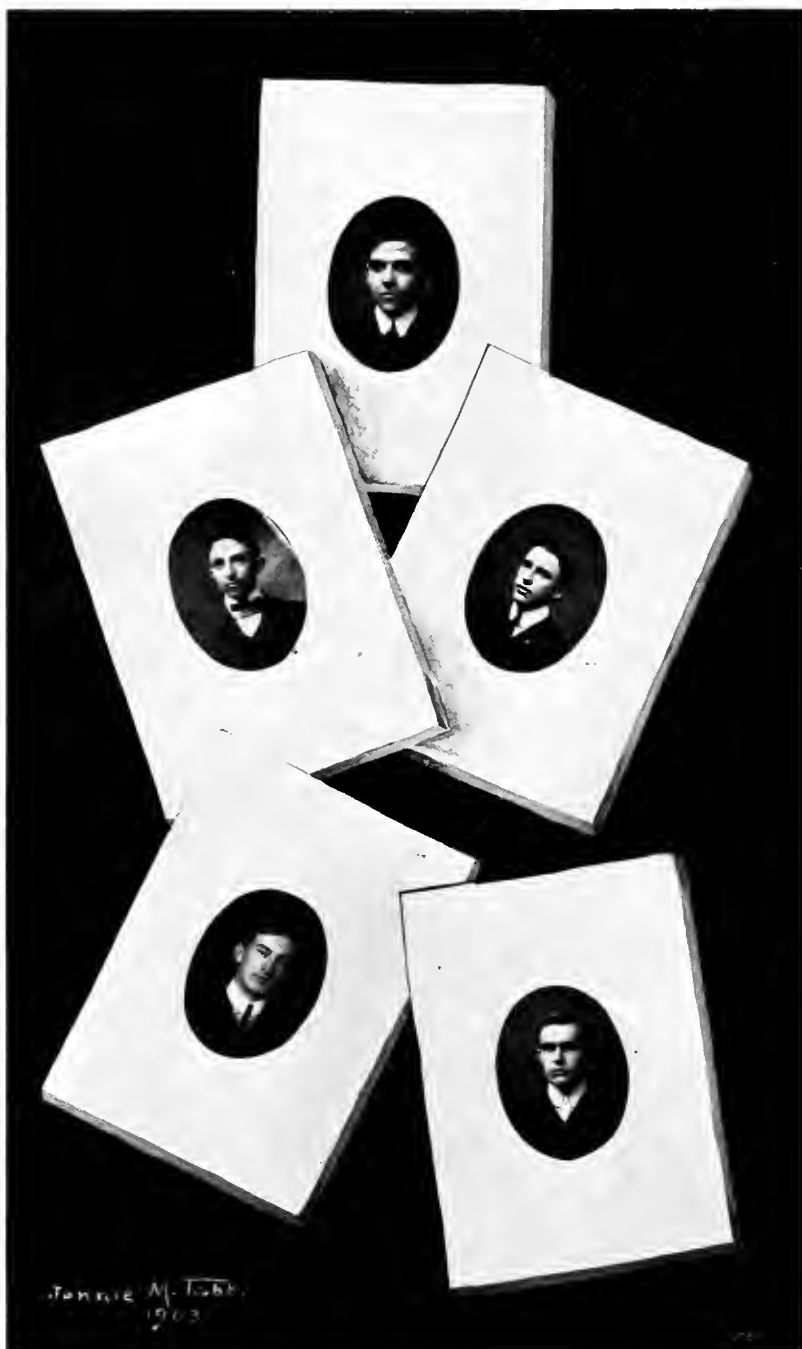
ALBERT WARD WOOD Moorefield, W. Va.

Philanthropic.

Sophomore Class Scholarship; Ministerial Scholarship; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1902-03.



SENIOR CLASS, III.



SENIOR CLASS, IV.

Quondam Members of 1903.

ENGLAND, W. MCA	Covington, Virginia
GILLIAM, R. A., X Φ	Covington, Virginia
HOY, E. H.	Petersburg, Virginia
HORNER, THOMAS	
HOLLADAY, J. E. B., Φ Γ Δ	Suffolk, Virginia
HUTTON, A. P., X Φ	Abingdon, Virginia
IRVING, J. K., JR., X Φ	Howardsville, Virginia
JOHNSTON, L. D., Φ Γ Δ	South Boston, Virginia
JONES, L. R., B Θ II	Petersburg, Virginia
LEE, E. W., Φ Δ Θ	Danville, Kentucky
MARTIN, M. S., K Σ	Stuart, Virginia
MCCOY, C. D., K Σ	Richmond, Virginia
NEWMAN, J. S.	Somerset, Virginia
NICHOLSON, E. P., Φ K Ψ	Portsmouth, Virginia
PARSONS, J. C., Φ K Ψ	Massie's, Virginia
PHARR, C. C.	Fincastle, Virginia
PHIFER, R. S., JR.	Danville, Virginia
PHILIPS, M. T.	Norfolk, Virginia
REID, LANGHORNE. K Σ	Chatham, Virginia
REYNOLDS, B. B.	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
RIDDICK, W. J., Φ Γ Δ	Gatesville, North Carolina
THOMAS, STANLEY	Holston Valley, Tennessee
WILKINSON, R. C.	Warm Springs, Virginia

Senior Class History.



IT IS a noteworthy fact that none of the historians of the Class of 1903 have made the complaint so usual with class historians, that they had few events to record. This is because the Class of 1903 has been a history-making class from its Freshman year. No one will doubt the truth of this statement in so far as it applies to this session ; but some who are uninformed may doubt it in its entirety. Lack of space forbids the conclusive proofs I could adduce, and so I merely ask such doubters why, of all the class games that have been played, only one is still fresh in the memory of all—our victory as Freshmen over the Sophomores? I would also ask what would have been Hampden-Sidney's record in football without Gilliam, in baseball without Jones?

Year by year our numbers have decreased, but by this very process we saw the standards of learning, culture, and dignity, become higher and higher, until now we are the zealously imitated models of the Juniors, the envy of the Sophomores, and the awe and admiration of the Freshmen. Yet, in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, we found scant consolation for the loss of "Flut" and "Lemroy" and "Braddy," and right reluctantly did we present "Chris" to the Class of 1904.

Of our attainments in the classroom we will not speak—they will be made known at the proper time ; nor will we boast of our contributions to oratory and literature. We should modestly refrain from mentioning athletics, were it not for the fact that the Juniors claim the championship in football. While it is beneath our dignity to argue the point with them, yet it is the historian's duty to record the facts. We offered to play the Juniors, but all our efforts to arrange a game were fruitless. When, however, our star end, Irving, left College, the Juniors began to bluster, knowing quite well that we were too much occupied with more weighty affairs to prepare for the game.

We will not mention the fact that we are the only class since 1893 that has worn caps and gowns. And there is no need to tell of our graceful dignity in these garments ; it is already proverbial.

But one thing there is of which we will speak, and speak proudly—the one thing for which we wish to be remembered; the one thing that will earn for us the gratitude of succeeding classes. If need be, let oblivion engulf all else. Let the eloquence of Jackson and Jones and Lee be forgotten; let the poetry of Wolverton and Williams share a like sad fate; let the deeds of Jones and Preston on gridiron and diamond cease to be College tradition; let it be said in future years that the Juniors won the football championship; let men no longer tell of the inscrutable dignity of the learned "Peter"; of Langhorne's skill at throwing water-bags; ay, let even "Snootsie's" enormous capacity for edibles be no longer wondered at; but let it ever be remembered that the Class of 1903 averted the threatened direful calamity of the shortening of Senior vacation!

HISTORIAN.



Members.

RICHARD FIELD BERNARD Petersburg, Va.

B Θ II, R. H. O. C. T., Σ, Union.

College Football Team, 1901-02; Class Football Team, 1901-02; Class Baseball Team, 1901-02; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, last term, '02; Track Team, 1902-03; Gymnasium Team, 1902-03; Glee Club, 1902-03; Dramatic Club, 1902-03; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1903; *Magazine* Staff, 1903.

SAMUEL WALTHALL BUDD Petersburg, Va.

B Θ II, R. H. O. C. T., Union.

College Football Team, 1902; College Baseball Team, 1903; Class Baseball Team, 1901-02-03; Class Football Team, 1900-01-02; Vice-President of Class, President of Class, Secretary and Treasurer of Class; Manager of Class Football Team; Intermediate Marshal.

STUART GRATTAN CHRISTIAN Richmond, Va.

X Φ, R. H. O. C. T., Σ, V, Union.

College Football Team, 1901-02; College Baseball Team, 1902 and 1903; Class Football Team, 1901-02-03; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1902-03; Dramatic Club, 1901-02; Chairman Directing Committee Dramatic Club, 1902-03; President and Vice-President of Class, 1901-02; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, 1902-03; Junior Debater's Medal, 1901-02; Final Junior Orator, 1901-02; Chairman Music Committee, 1901-02; President Athletic Association, First Term, 1902-03; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1902-03; Track Team, 1901-02-03.

PLEASANT LINWOOD CLARK Crosby, Va.

Union.

Intermediate Invitation Committee, 1901-02-03; Manager Reading-Room, 1902-03; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1903-04; Final Junior Orator, 1902-03.

DEWITT CLINTON COLLINS Ludlow, Ky.

B Θ II, Union.

Vice-President of Class, 1901-02; Class Football Team, 1901-02.

SAMUEL DALEY CRAIG Craigsville, Va.

Philanthropic.

College Football Team, 1902-03; Class Football Team, 1901-02-03; Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1901-02; Invitation Committee, 1901-02; Final Marshal, 1901-02; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1902-03; Junior Final Orator, 1902-03; Baseball Team, 1903.

- HENRY READ EDMUNDS Farmville, Va.
 Union.
 Vice-President of Class, 1902-03; Class Football Team.
- ROBERT EMMETT HAMLETT Hampden-Sidney, Va.
 Union.
- THOMAS JEFFERSON HARWELL Petersburg, Va.
 Philanthropic.
 Class Historian, 1901-02-03; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1902-03.
- BENJAMIN MASON HILL Petersburg, Va.
 K Σ , Union.
 Class Football and Baseball Teams; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1902-03; Manager of Track Team, 1902-03; Dramatic Club, 1902-03; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1901-02.
- ROBERT TIMBERLAKE KEMP Gulf Port, Miss.
 K Σ , Union.
 Intermediate Junior Orator; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.
- WILLIAM GOSHORN McCORKLE Charleston, W. Va.
 X Φ , R. H. O. C. T., Σ .
 Football Team, 1900-01-02; Baseball Team, 1901-02-03; President German Club, 1902; Leader German Club, 1903; President of Class, 1901-02; Captain Class Football Team, 1902; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1903; Captain College Baseball Team, 1903; Manager Class Baseball Team, 1903; Vice-President Athletic Association, 1902.
- EDWARD MCGEEHEE, JR. Abilene, Va.
 Philanthropic.
 College Football Team, 1902-03; Class Football Team, 1900-01; Final Marshal, 1902-03.
- ALBERT FULLER PATTON Danville, Va.
 K Σ , O N E, R. H. O. C. T., Σ , Union.
 President of Class, 1901-02; College Football Team, 1902-03; College Baseball Team, 1901-02; Marshal Finals, 1902; Class Football and Baseball Teams; Dramatic Club, 1901-02; Secretary of Class, 1900-01; Vice-President Athletic Association, 1902-03.
- ABNEY PAYNE Charleston, W. Va.
 Union, X Φ , R. H. O. C. T.
 KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1900-01-02-03; Dramatic Club, 1900-01-02-03; College Football Team, 1900-03; Class Baseball Team, 1900-03; Class Football Team, 1900-03; Manager Track Team, 1901-02; Marshal Finals, 1901-02; Leader of Mandolin and Guitar Club, 1902-03; President of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1902-03.

WILLIAM THOMAS RYE Black Walnut, Va.
Philanthropic.

Invitation Committee; Final Junior Orator, 1903.

JOHN CALVIN SILER Tomahawk, W. Va.
Philanthropic.

Sophomore Class Scholarship; Ministerial Scholarship; Sophomore Debater's Medal.


WILLIAM MYNN THORNTON, JR University of Virginia
X Φ , Union.

President of Class, First Term, 1900-01; Manager of Class Football and Baseball Teams, 1900-01; Chairman of Invitation Committee, 1900-01; Freshman Declaimer's Medal, 1900-01; Sophomore Essayist's Medal, 1901-02; Trustees' Declaimer's Prize, 1901-02; College Football Team, 1902-03; Class Football Team, 1900-01-02; Dramatic Club; 1901-02-03; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1902-03; Advisory Board of Dramatic Club, 1902-03; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1902-03.

JOHN WILSON Black Walnut, Va.
Philanthropic.

Invitation Committee; Final Marshal.

Junior Class History.

AST autumn when the golden gates of learning were thrown wide open to welcome the incoming students, the members of '04 were among the first to enter to take up the duties of their Junior year. After many handshakes and hearty welcomes that characterize the reunion of college boys, we called a meeting of the '04 Class to elect officers for the first term and to unite ourselves for the work and welfare of our class.

We regretted very much that a few of our members decided, during the vacation, to enter into business and give up college life; nevertheless, we added a few names, which brings us up to the average. We admit that in numbers we are the smallest class in College, but as for quality and ability to do hard work in any sphere of college life we feel that we can keep our banners floating. We still cherish the compliment paid us a year ago by our English professor; and even our Chemistry professor said Christmas that our work had been as good as that of any class that he ever had.

About a month after College opened we allowed Kemp, after he had been properly initiated, to join us; not on account of his good looks, or his erectness of stature, but we had noticed that in his letter-box every day there was a letter directed by the same little delicate hand; so we thought that, if any little maiden esteemed him worthy of a letter daily, he was worthy of a place among us.

As usual, the first feature of college life to which we turned our attention, was football. Our athletes, having been refreshed by three months' vacation, were ready to do some hard work, and now, as we look back over the first part of the session, we feel proud of our record. We furnished the two captains, Payne and MacCorkle, and more than half of the regular men on the first team. Such players as Payne, Bernard, Thornton, MacCorkle, Christian, Patton, Budd, and McGehee deserve the highest praise for their brilliant work last fall. Our class team is the champion team of the College; we challenged the noble Seniors several times, but it was impossible for us to get them to meet us on the gridiron.

In speaking of the distinguished men of the '04 Class, the lack of space forbids the historian to do justice to all the members; however, there are a few whose superiority in different spheres of college life must be mentioned: Craig,

the mathematician; Bernard, the chemist; Siler, the philosopher; "Lobster," the greatest concocter of jokes; "Puck," whose laughter may be heard from one side of the campus to the other; Payne and MacCorkle, who are still neck and neck in the race for the honor of being known as the best ladies' man in College.

We were not as brilliant in baseball as in football. Nevertheless, we won many famous victories on the diamond and had several men on the first team.

Now we lay aside the text-books of the Junior year, having thoroughly mastered them, but not with any small amount of difficulty; for such studies as Physics, Psychology, and Chemistry put the best of intellects to test. Nevertheless, these scientific studies, with all their perplexities, have revealed to us many wonderful things about nature and ourselves, and it is with no small amount of pride that we say we have completed them.

After the approaching vacation we shall gladly return and launch forth into the mysteries of the Senior year, enrobing ourselves in the gowns of dignity and placing upon our craniums the diamond-shaped caps.

HISTORIAN.





Sophomore Class.

Motto:

Nil Mortalibus Arduum Est.

Colors:

Red and Black.

Yell:

Chink-te, Churley, Cha, Cha, Cha!

Rink-te, Rurley, Rah, Rah, Rah!

Chink-te, Ho, Ho, Chink-te, Chive!

Hurrah, Hurrah! 1905.

Officers.

FIRST TERM.

T. W. ELLETT	<i>Presiden</i>	J. K. IRVING
F. D. IRVING	<i>Vice-President</i>	R. M. PRICE
J. K. IRVING	<i>Secretary</i>	D. FLETCHER
A. P. SCOTT	<i>Treasurer</i>	J. M. GRAHAM
T. J. WATKINS	<i>Historian</i>	T. J. WATKINS

SECOND TERM.

Members.

WILLIAM WATSON ANDERSON	Hillandale, Virginia
FRANK CLEVELAND BEDINGER	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
ROBERT DABNEY BEDINGER	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
THOMAS WEST ELLETT	Richmond, Virginia
DONALD FLETCHER	Jenkins Bridge, Virginia
CLEMENT NICHOLAS FONTAINE	Wytheville, Virginia
EDGAR GRAHAM GAMMON	Fredericksburg, Virginia
JAMES MONTGOMERY GRAHAM	Graham's Forge, Virginia
ROBERT CALVIN GRAHAM	Graham's Forge, Virginia
THOMAS LYTTLETON HANSBERGER	Waynesboro, Virginia
FRANCIS DEANE IRVING	Richmond, Virginia
JOSEPH KINCAID IRVING	Truxillo, Virginia
JOHN GARLAND JEFFERSON, JR.	Amelia, Virginia
CLARENCE LEE KINNIER	Lynchburg, Virginia
NATHANIEL WHITE KUYKENDALL	Moorefield, West Virginia
CECIL BAKER LACY	Paducah, Kentucky
HUNTER MANN	Nottoway, Virginia
LUCIUS MAHONE MANRY	Courtland, Virginia
HERBERT CLIFTON MANRY	Courtland, Virginia
WILLIAM BAIRD MCILWAINE, JR.	Petersburg, Virginia
GEORGE WILLIAM MILLER	Rome, Georgia
HEBER JONES MORTON	Keysville, Virginia
RICHARD MCSHERRY PRICE	Charleston, West Virginia
ALBERT PRESTON SCOTT	Dalbys, Virginia
BOYD STEPHENSON	Monterey, Virginia
EDWARD GARLAND STOKES	Tinkling, Virginia
EMMETT WARREN WALL	Farmville, Virginia
THOMAS JONES WATKINS	Charlotte Court-House, Virginia

Sophomore Class History.

THE opening of College for the session of '02 and '03 brought fair prospects for the Class of '05. We had finished our career as Freshmen, and the fact that we were not quite so fresh was not entirely due to our qualities, but to the perseverance of the upper classmen. These, though their hands were tied, kept us straight by threats as to what they would do when Senior vacation and finals came. And they kept their word.

At our first class meeting we sadly missed some of our old comrades. We miss them now, but gladly welcome those who came to join our ranks. At this meeting we first realized that it was our duty as Sophomores to instruct the Freshmen. This duty we have all faithfully performed; Miller, especially, doing his part well.

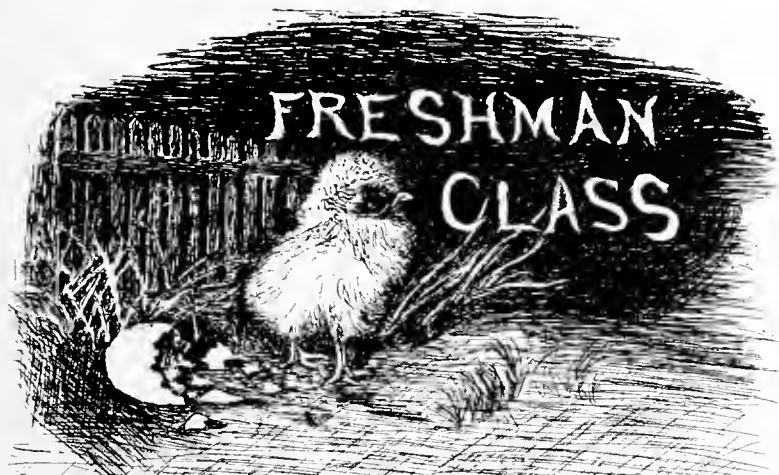
We have the largest class in College. We all strive to adorn it. Each would like to be the best student, but it is hard for ordinary mortals to reach the standard set by J. K. Irving, beloved of first passage on account of his ability to write Latin, French, and German; by Scott, the great mathematician; by Price, not brawny but brainy; by McIlwaine, Anderson, and others.

We perform our part in every department of College exercises. Our merits are recognized in the literary societies, and our influence is especially felt in the Y. M. C. A. We furnish four men to the football team. We have two men on the gymnasium team and hope to have several on the baseball team. The College, as well as we, greatly regret that "Pa" Irving did not return after Christmas to represent us in this line. We furnish the College, if not the best, a close second to the best all-round athlete.

Each has his attractions, known sometimes only to himself. For examples, I would say, Gammon is a fine athlete; Kinnier is witty; Ellett is good-looking—if his pictures do not show it, Hunt is to blame; Hansberger is good-natured; Lacy is authority on theatricals and music; Miller is *the* student.

Most of us sigh for the girls we left behind, but some have found them here—Bob Graham, for instance. We all know the way to Farmville, but Price must needs travel thither oftenest. Perhaps he has an easy course at the Normal.

We love our life as Sophomores, but feel in duty bound to work for promotion to Juniors. Should unkind fates, in the form of the professors, change the trade-mark of our sheepskins to '06, it will be with a sigh and a sad heart, but a clear conscience, that we say farewell to the Class of '05. HISTORIAN.



DOES YOUR MOTHER
KNOW YOU'RE OUT ?

Motto.

Age Quod Agis.

Colors.

Navy-Blue and Maroon.

Hell.

Hobble-gobble, razzle-dazzle !

Rinky-dinky dix !

Rah, rah, rah !

Rah, rah, rah !

Rah, rah, rah !

Naughty-Six !

Officers.

FIRST TERM.

S. B. CHILTON *President*
J. H. LYLE *Vice-President*
J. W. STEPHENSON, JR. *Secretary*
J. W. STEPHENSON, JR. *Treasurer*
W. W. GROVER *Historian*

SECOND TERM.

H. ANDERSON
J. W. EGGLESTON
E. G. ELKAN
S. B. CAMPBELL
W. W. GROVER

Members.

HERBERT ANDERSON	Franklin, West Virginia
RICHARD MCDARMON BELL	Putney's, Virginia
STUART BLAND CAMPBELL	Wytheville Virginia
SAMUEL BLACKWELL CHILTON	Charleston, West Virginia
JOHN WILLIAM EGGLESTON	Charlotte Court-House, Virginia
ELIJAH GRIGG ELCAN	Sheppards, Virginia
WILLIAM WESLEY GROVER	Richmond, Virginia
LIONEL ELCAN HOOPER	Farmville, Virginia
ROBERT FRANCIS JONES	Petersburg, Virginia
JOHN HART LYLE	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
HUNTER MCGUIRE JOHNSON PHLEGAR	Christiansburg, Virginia
HAMPDEN REYNOLDS	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
THOMAS ALGERNON REYNOLDS	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
JOHN WILSON STEPHENSON, JR.	Warm Springs, Virginia
CLAIBORNE READ STOKES	Blackstone, Virginia
EDWIN CHARLES WADE	Farmville, Virginia
HARRY EDWARD WHITE	Bloomtown, Virginia
OSCAR TATE WICKER, JR.	Farmville, Virginia
GOODRIDGE ALEXANDER WILSON	Brownsburg, Virginia
BEVERLY KONE WINSTON	Farmville, Virginia
COURTNEY WATSON WOMACK	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
JOHN RAYMOND YOUNG	Charleston, West Virginia



Freshman Class History.

THE history of the Freshman Class is laid before the reader after much toil, for, as is well known, the writer has not yet roamed into the fields of literary art so familiar to his predecessors. However, with the means at hand, he has endeavored to write the history of the Freshmen of the Class of '06.

The first occurrence of interest to us after arriving at College was the entrance examinations, which, however, we are glad that we had to stand, for we were a little homesick before we got to work. By the time we were through with our examinations, the Sophs had gotten their forces organized. We heard a few excited voices on the campus, and in a few moments, as threatening as the distant roar of thunder, came the tolling of the old bell; after which we were called out to entertain them with songs and speeches. The Sophs seemed to be very well pleased with some of these speeches, and all of us could win applause by our songs.

Word was passed around one morning that we would hold a meeting of the class for the purpose of organization and election of officers, immediately after chapel. This meeting was well attended by our members, and even some of the

Sophs came in with us; but when we told them that their presence was not needed they left, and we proceeded with our business. But even while our meeting was in session, the Sophs reminded us of their presence by throwing missiles against the door; and upon our dismissal they saluted us with showers of water.

Now for our athletic achievements. Already we have shown our athletic ability; for on the gridiron we were represented by Chilton on the College team; and several other good players on the sub-team. On the gymnasium team we also had a good representative. We were also well represented on the diamond, on both the College team and the sub-team.

Let us now look at some of the prominent members of the Class of '06. There is our chum, "Betsy," the admirer of "The Virginia Girl." Here comes Chilton to Latin five minutes late; perhaps he has been exercising his artistic talents and did not hear the bell. There, coming across the campus, is "Do-zo" of the sonorous voice, between two fellows who are congratulating him on his success in the Gym.

Although the fellows call us fresh, and we know that we are, it saddens us to remember that when this session is completed we shall be no longer Freshmen. We are glad, however, that we shall still be associated as members of the class for three more years.

HISTORIAN.







Beta Theta Pi.

Founded at Miami University in 1839.

Colors :

Pink and Blue.

Zeta Chapter.

Established 1849.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

RICHARD MCILWAINE, D. D., LL. D *President*
WALTER BLAIR, A. M., D. L *Emeritus*
H. R. MCILWAINE, Ph. D.

FRATER IN URBE.

W. M. HOLLADAY, M. D.

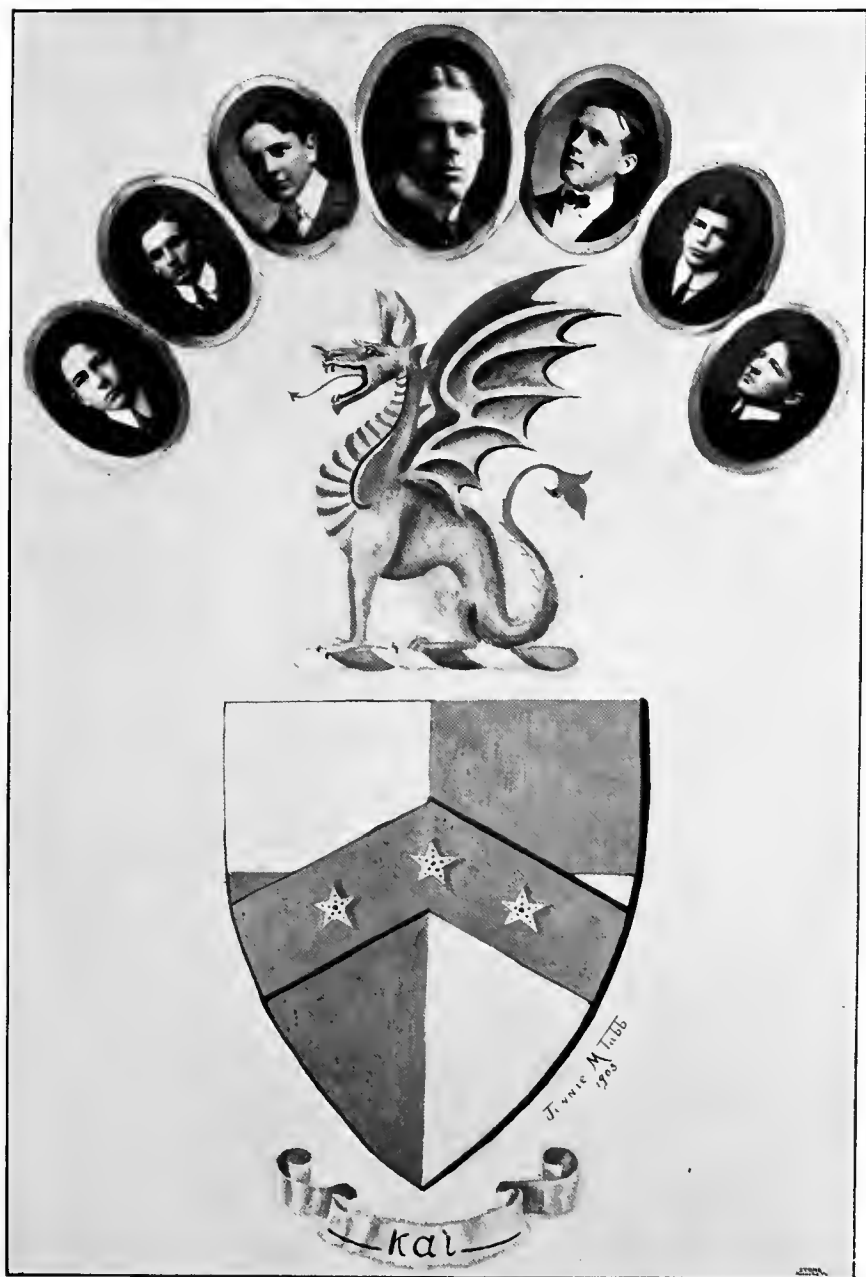
FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

RICHARD FIELD BERNARD
SAMUEL WALTHALL BUDD
DEWITT CLINTON COLLINS
WILLIAM BAIRD MCILWAINE, JR.
EDGAR GRAHAM GAMMON
BOYD STEPHENSON

HUNTER JOHNSON PHLEGAR

Active Chapters: Sixty-five.

Alumni Chapters: Thirty-five.





Chi Phi.

Founded at Princeton in 1824

Colors :

Scarlet and Blue.

Epsilon Chapter.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

JOSEPH KINCAID IRVING, JR., '03	STUART GRATTAN CHRISTIAN, '04
WILLIAM GOSHORN McCORKLE, '04	ABNEY PAYNE, '04
WILLIAM MYNN THORNTON, JR., '04	THOMAS WEST ELLETT, '05
FRANK DEANE IRVING, '05	RICHARD McSHERRY PRICE, '05
SAMUEL BLACKWELL CHILTON, '06	JOHN WILSON STEPHENSON, JR., '06
WILLIAM TWYMAN WILLIAMS, JR., '03	

FRATER IN URBE.

EDWARD WIRT VENABLE

Annual Congress held in New York, November 28-29, 1902.



CHI PHI FRATERNITY.



Phi Gamma Delta.

Founded at Washington and Jefferson in 1848.

Color :

Royal Purple.

Delta Denteron Chapter.

Established 1870.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

W. H. WHITING.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

WILLIAM SHARPE LEE
DONALD FLETCHER

CECIL BAKER LACY
JOSEPH KINCAID IRVING

FRATRES IN URBE.

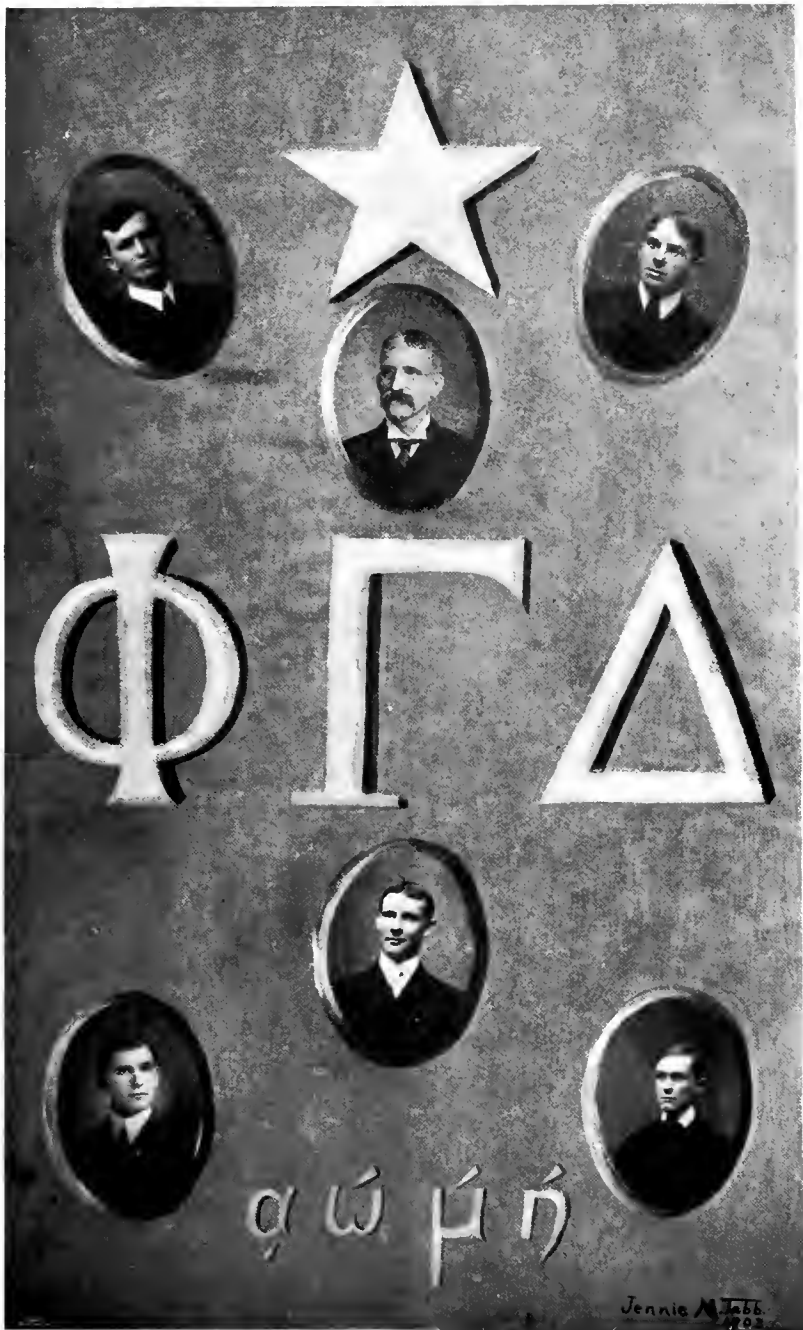
HUGH S. HART
EDWARD S. DUPUY

MONROE D. MORTON
REV. B. F. BEDINGER

U. H. HANNAH

Convention held at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, August 7, 8, and 9, 1902.

Delegate : C. D. SPOTSWOOD





Upsilon of Kappa Sigma.

Founded in Italy, 1400; in United States, 1865. Established, 1883.

Colors.

Scarlet, Emerald Green, and White.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

WILLIAM FEARN PATTON, JR., '03

ROBERT TIMBERLAKE KEMP, '04

ALBERT FULLER PATTON, '04

BENJAMIN MASON HILL, '04

CLARENCE LEE KINNIER, '05

STUART BLAND CAMPBELL, '06

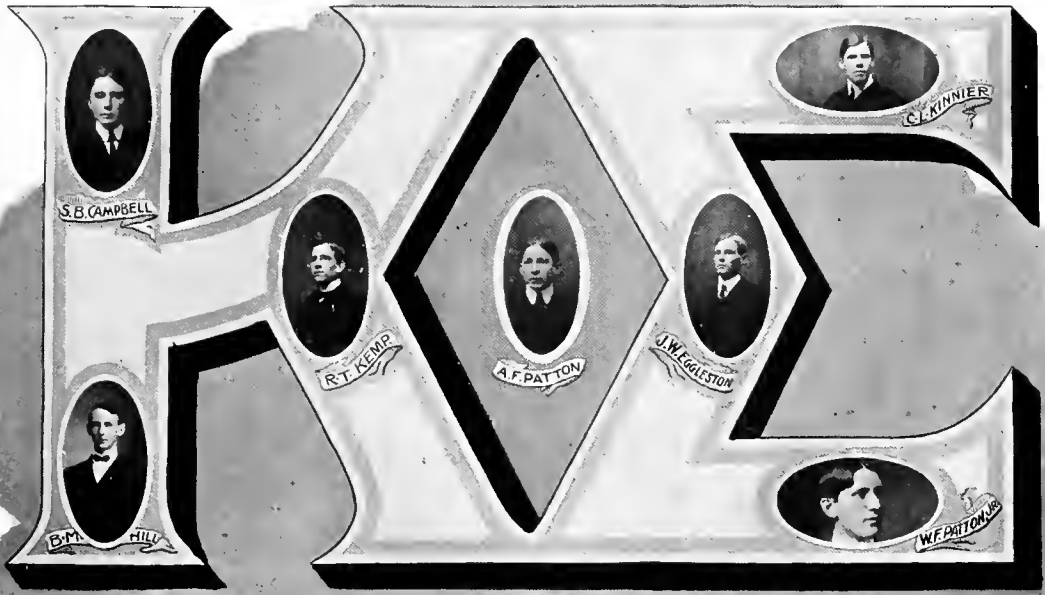
JOHN WILLIAM EGGLESTON, '06

Active Chapters: Sixty-two.

Alumni Chapters: Twenty-one.

Conclave held at New Orleans, November 26, 27, 28, 1902.

Delegate: B. M. HILL.



1903





Pi Kappa Alpha.

Founded at University of Virginia in 1868.

Iota Chapter.

Established in 1885.

Colors :

Garnet and Old Gold.

OFFICIAL ORGAN: "*Shield and Diamond.*"

SECRET ORGAN: "*Dagger and Key.*"

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

MAURICE BLAIR LANGHORNE

FRANK HURT MANN

JOHN MARTIN

HUNTER MANN

THOMAS JONES WATKINS

JOHN HART LYLE

JAMES MONMOUTH GRAHAM

ROBERT CALVIN GRAHAM

GOODRIDGE ALEXANDER WILSON

HERBERT ANDERSON



PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.



Kappa Alpha.

SOUTHERN ORDER.

Founded at Washington College (Washington and Lee University) in 1865.

Flowers :

Magnolia and Red Rose.

Colors :

Crimson and Old Gold.

Official Organ :

Kappa Alpha Journal.

Secret Organ :

Special Messenger.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

HARDY CROSS, '02

ANDREW EPES HARRIS, '06

HORACE PALMER JONES, '03

ELIJAH GRIGG ELCAN, '06

LUTHER SHELDON, JR., '03

CLAIBORNE READ STOKES, '06

ALBERT PRESTON SCOTT, '05

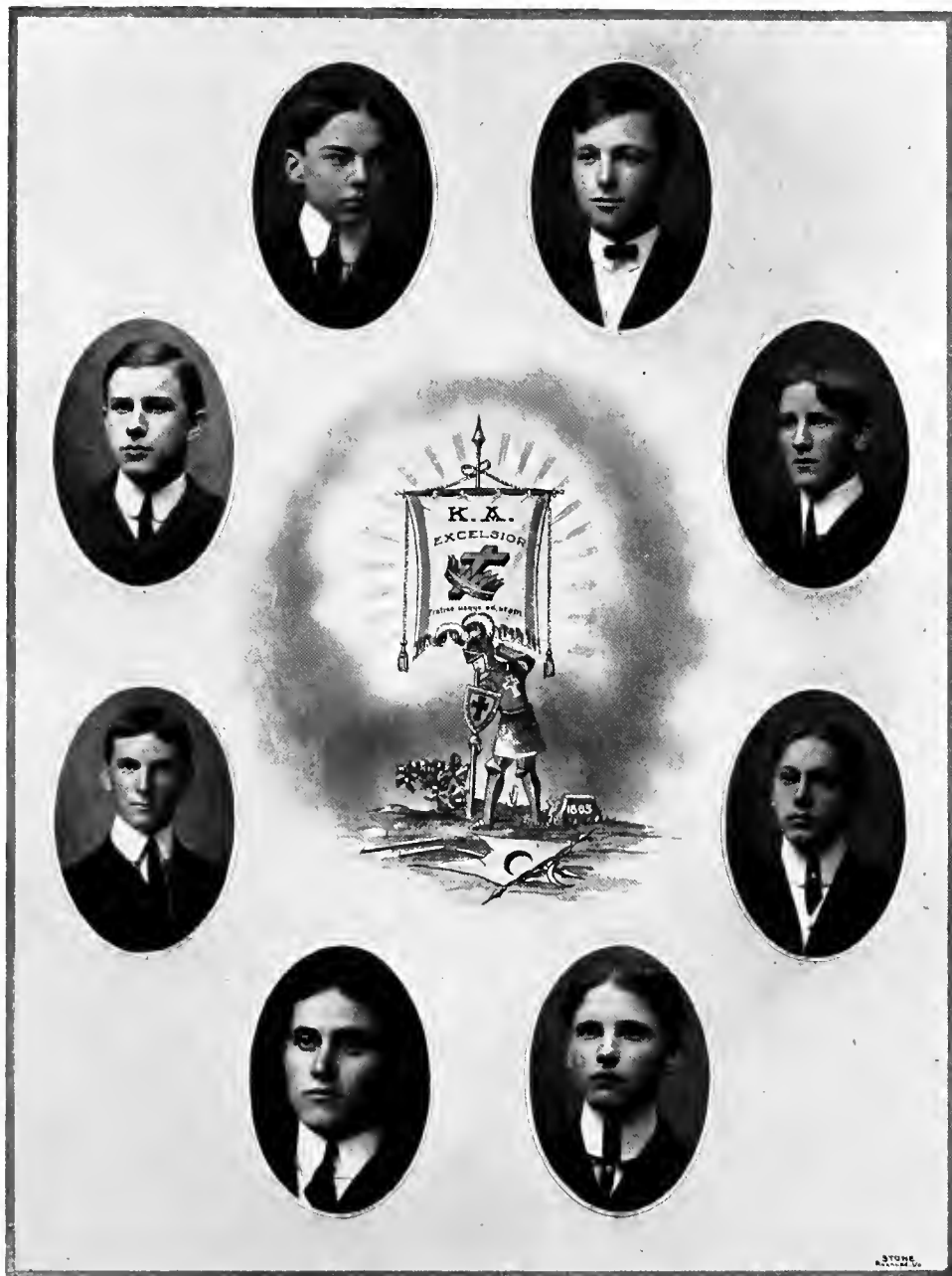
JOHN RAYMOND YOUNG, '06

Active Chapters: Forty-three.

Alumni Chapters: Twenty-eight.

Twenty-second Convention to be held in Atlanta, Georgia, June, 1903.

Delegates: LUTHER SHELDON, JR., and H. P. JONES.



KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

THE DREAM-GOD.

The Dream-God comes to-night, dear,
His wings are on the air,
When the meerschaum glows and gleams, dear,
Like the rich brown of thy hair
And the gathering shades are dark, dear,
Because you are not here.

The Dream-God's kiss is light, dear,
And the dream is past compare,
For I am your true knight, dear,
And you are my lady fair.
And the dark world-riddle is plain, dear,
While your silken glove I wear.

The Dream-God stirs the blood, dear.
Of the youth or the wrinkled sage ;
-And my life is at the flood, dear,
For I burn with an eager rage
To struggle and win for you, dear,
In the whirl of a restless age.

But the Dream-God will not stay, dear,
And the vision fades away,
And the fires of life burn slow, dear,
To the ashes cold and gray ;
But if your glove I wore in truth,
Who knows but the dream might stay?





M. B. Langhorne.

R. S. Preston.

L. Sheldon, Jr.

S. G. Christian.

W. F. Patton, Jr.

R. S. PRESTON

S. G. CHRISTIAN

R. F. BERNARD

M. B. LANGHORNE

W. G. McCORKLE

A. F. PATTON

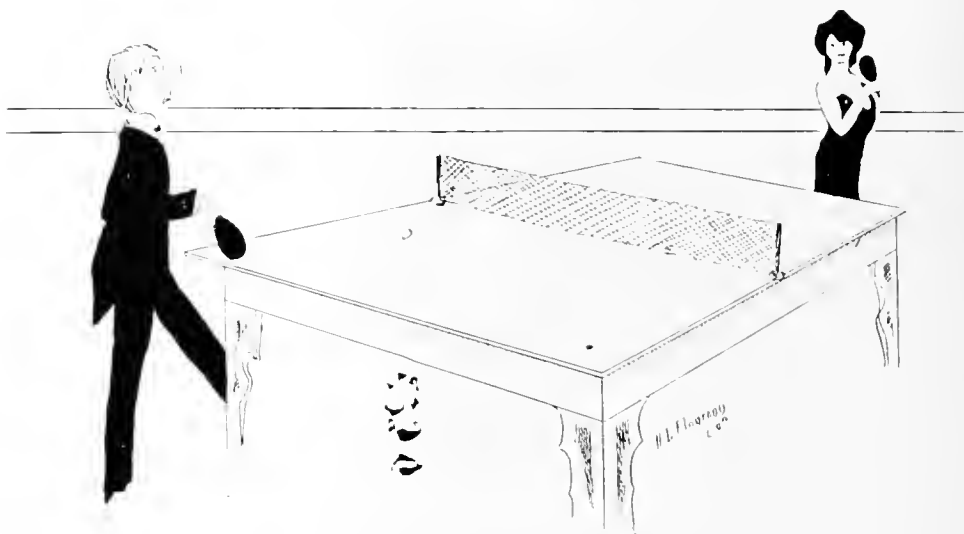
E. G. GAMMON

J. K. IRVING

S. W. BUDD

T. J. WATKINS

C. L. KINNIER



“The Grotto.”

W. T. WILLIAMS, JR.	<i>President</i>
ABNEY PAYNE	<i>Vice-President</i>
M. B. LANGHORNE	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members.

R. C. GRAHAM	J. W. STEPHENSON, JR.
S. B. CHILTON	J. M. GRAHAM
JOHN MARTIN	W. B. McILWAINE, JR.
E. W. WALL	HERBERT ANDERSON



Hampden House.

E. G. GAMMON *President*
 A. P. SCOTT *Vice-President*
 T. J. WATKINS *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members.

E. G. ELCAN	W. F. CLARKE
D. FLETCHER	S. D. CRAIG
J. A. CLARKE	F. H. MANN
C. B. LACY	J. W. EGGLESTON
J. C. WOLVERTON	H. E. WHITE
J. H. WOLVERTON	C. R. STOKES
W. S. LEE	R. MCD. BELL



Reynolds' Rauch.

R. F. BERNARD. *President*
B. M. HILL. *Vice-President*
T. A. REYNOLDS. *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members.

R. F. JONES	J. K. IRVING
J. R. YOUNG	S. W. BUDD
H. MCG. J. PHLEGAR	W. F. PATTON, JR.
H. REYNOLDS	C. L. KINNIER
BOYD STEPHENSON	D. C. COLLINS



“The Maples.”

Officers.

T. W. ELLETT *President*
 S. G. CHRISTIAN *Vice-President*
 W. G. McCORKLE *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members.

G. W. MILLER	S. B. CAMPBELL
R. S. PRESTON	R. M. PRICE
G. A. WILSON	E. G. STOKES
G. S. HARNESBERGER	H. R. EDMUNDS

First Passage Club.

C. L. KINNIER *President*
 R. F. BERNARD *Vice-President*
 R. S. PRESTON *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members.



B. M. HILL

W. F. PATTON, JR.

G. W. MILLER

J. K. IRVING

S. W. BUDD

E. G. GAMMON

B. STEPHENSON

A. P. SCOTT

E. G. ELCAN

JOHN WILSON

H. F. WHITE

D. C. COLLINS

J. W. EGGLESTON

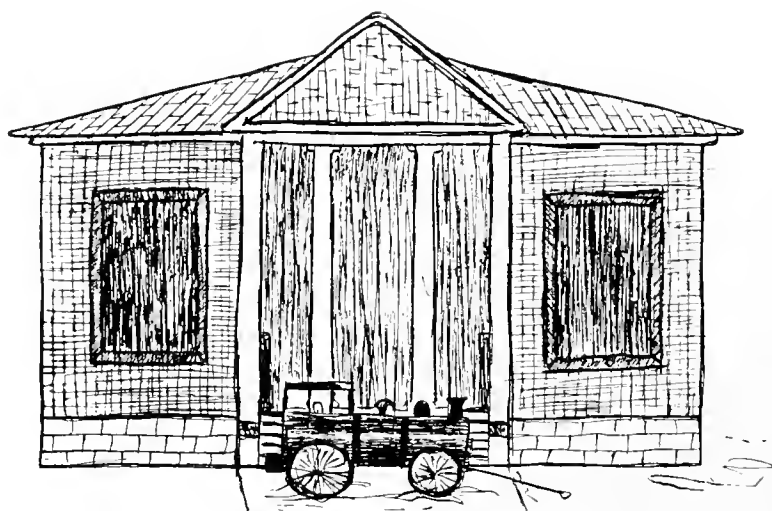


Fourth Passage Club.

M. B. LANGHORNE *President*
 R. M. PRICE *Vice-President*
 F. H. MANN *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members.

J. MARTIN	T. J. WATKINS
J. R. YOUNG	C. B. LACY
J. G. JEFFERSON, JR.	T. W. ELLETT
S. G. CHRISTIAN	ABNEY PAYNE
H. MANN	J. H. WOLVERTON
J. C. WOLVERTON	



The Engineers.

Officers.

S. C. AKERS	<i>Chief Engineer</i>
S. G. CHRISTIAN	<i>Assistant Manipulator of the Throttle</i>
BOYD STEPHENSON	<i>Expert Wielder of the Coal Shovel</i>
S. B. CHILTON	<i>Water-boy</i>

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W. F. PATTON, JR.	



IN MEMORY
OF THE
GERMAN CLUB

CHILTON '06



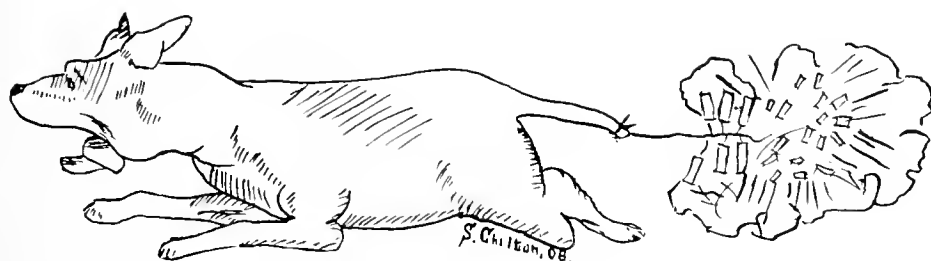
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 S. B. CHILTON *Grand Smasher of Crockery*
 G. W. MILLER *Illustrious Mixer of Vile Drinks*

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A. P. SCOTT *Lieutenant*

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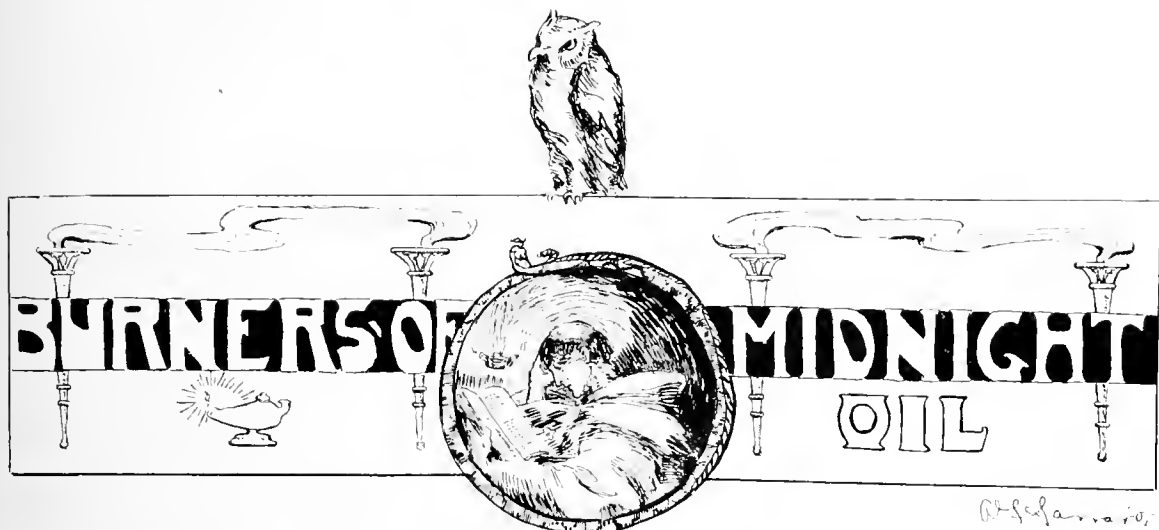
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 J. W. EGGLESTON *Secretary and Treasurer*

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T. A. REYNOLDS	H. REYNOLDS
J. G. JEFFERSON, JR.	F. C. BEDINGER
R. D. BEDINGER	R. E. HAMLETT
W. S. LEE	W. C. JACKSON
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E. W. WALL	E. G. STOKES
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J. C. WOLVERTON	J. H. WOLVERTON
N. W. KUYKENDALL	J. C. SILER
S. B. CHILTON	H. ANDERSON

S.-W.



CLUB.

WE'RE LITTLE, BUT—OH MY!

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R. S. PRESTON *Vice-President*
R. C. GRAHAM *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members.

S. B. CAMPBELL	J. M. GRAHAM
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BOYD STEPHENSON	



Dramatic Club.

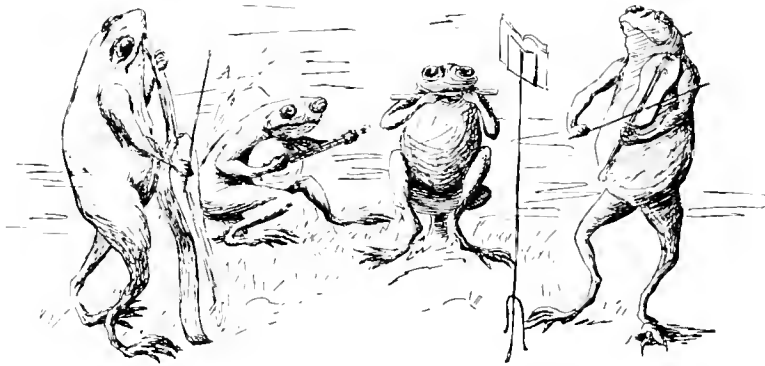
S. G. CHRISTIAN	<i>Stage Director</i>
R. S. PRESTON	<i>Manager</i>
W. F. PATTON, JR.	<i>Property Manager</i>
T. W. ELLETT	<i>Advance Agent</i>

Members.

W. M. THORNTON	T. L. HANSBERGER
ABNEY PAYNE	R. F. BERNARD
R. T. KEMP	E. G. GAMMON
B. M. HILL	R. M. PRICE
J. W. STEPHENSON, JR.	



DRAMATIC CLUB.



Glee Club.

Mandolins.

C. B. LACY

ABNEY PAYNE, *Leader*

S. W. BUDD

Second Mandolins.

W. F. PATTON, JR.

J. R. YOUNG

Guitars.

R. F. BERNARD

W. T. WILLIAMS, JR., *Manager*

J. C. WOLVERTON

Quartette.

T. W. ELLETT, *Leader*

S. B. CHILTON, *Basso*

R. S. PRESTON, *Baritone*

E. G. GAMMON, *Tenor*



GLEE CLUB.

THE HERO OF TO-DAY.

Oh, gone is the day of the mail-clad knight,
Of derring-do and knight-errantry,
And the mace and the lance and the armour bright,
And all that made up the pageantry
Of the olden time we no longer see.
But 'tis well that the knight has gone, I say,
For a hero to-day he would not be—
Who is the hero of to-day?

The troubadour, too, in the old days might
Win the love of his "faire ladye,"
For his lute and his lay were heard with delight;
But now where 's the power of harmony?
And the poet? He's out of it utterly
Who tries in ballades his court to pay.
That he 's not the hero is plain to me—
Who is the hero of to-day?

'T is the brawny athlete in moleskin dight,
Whom worshiping crowds cheer tumultuously,
And whose deeds on the gridiron all recite.
The tenderest maiden now sees with glee
Her knight show such desperate bravery
As would have made Guinevere faint away,
And loves but the maker of touch-downs—'tis he
Who is the hero of to-day.

L'ENVOI.

Friends, 'tis hard to do it, I will agree,
But let us all join in the loud hooray;
For what should we care, since it can't be we,
Who is the hero of to-day?







College Football Team.

W. G. McCORKLE	<i>Captain (resigned)</i>
ABNEY PAYNE	<i>Captain</i>
R. S. PRESTON	<i>Manager</i>
J. B. PARRISH (<i>Syracuse</i>)	<i>Coach</i>

Team.

JONES AND F. D. IRVING	<i>Right End</i>
BERNARD	<i>Right Tackle</i>
THORNTON	<i>Right Guard</i>
CRAIG	<i>Center</i>
HANSBERGER AND CHILTON	<i>Left Guard</i>
PAYNE	<i>Left Tackle</i>
GAMMON	<i>Left End</i>
LANGHORNE	<i>Quarter-back</i>
CHRISTIAN	<i>Right Half-back</i>
BOYD STEPHENSON	<i>Left Half-back</i>
MCCORKLE AND A. F. PATTON	<i>Full-back</i>

Substitutes.

BUDD	MOORE
SHELDON	EDMUNDS



COLLEGE FOOTBALL.



Senior Class Football Team.

HORACE PALMER JONES *Captain*
 MAURICE BLAIR LANGHORNE *Manager*

The Team.

J. H. WOLVERTON Center
 HARDY CROSS Right Guard
 W. C. JACKSON Left Guard
 LUTHER SHELDON, JR. Right Tackle
 W. F. PATTON, JR. Left Tackle
 F. H. MANN Right End
 J. K. IRVING, JR. Left End
 M. B. LANGHORNE Quarter-back
 H. P. JONES Right Half-back
 R. S. PRESTON Left Half-back
 H. B. MOORE Full-back

Substitutes.

W. S. LEE AND W. E. WEST



SENIOR CLASS FOOTBALL.



Baseball Team, 1903.

W. G. McCORKLE	<i>Captain</i>
W. F. PATTON, JR.	<i>Manager</i>
SCOTT	Catcher
CHILTON	Pitcher
H. P. JONES	Pitcher
McCORKLE	First Base
BUDD	Second Base
GAMMON	Short-stop
LANGHORNE	Third Base
CHRISTIAN	Left Field
PRESTON	Center Field
CRAIG	Right Field

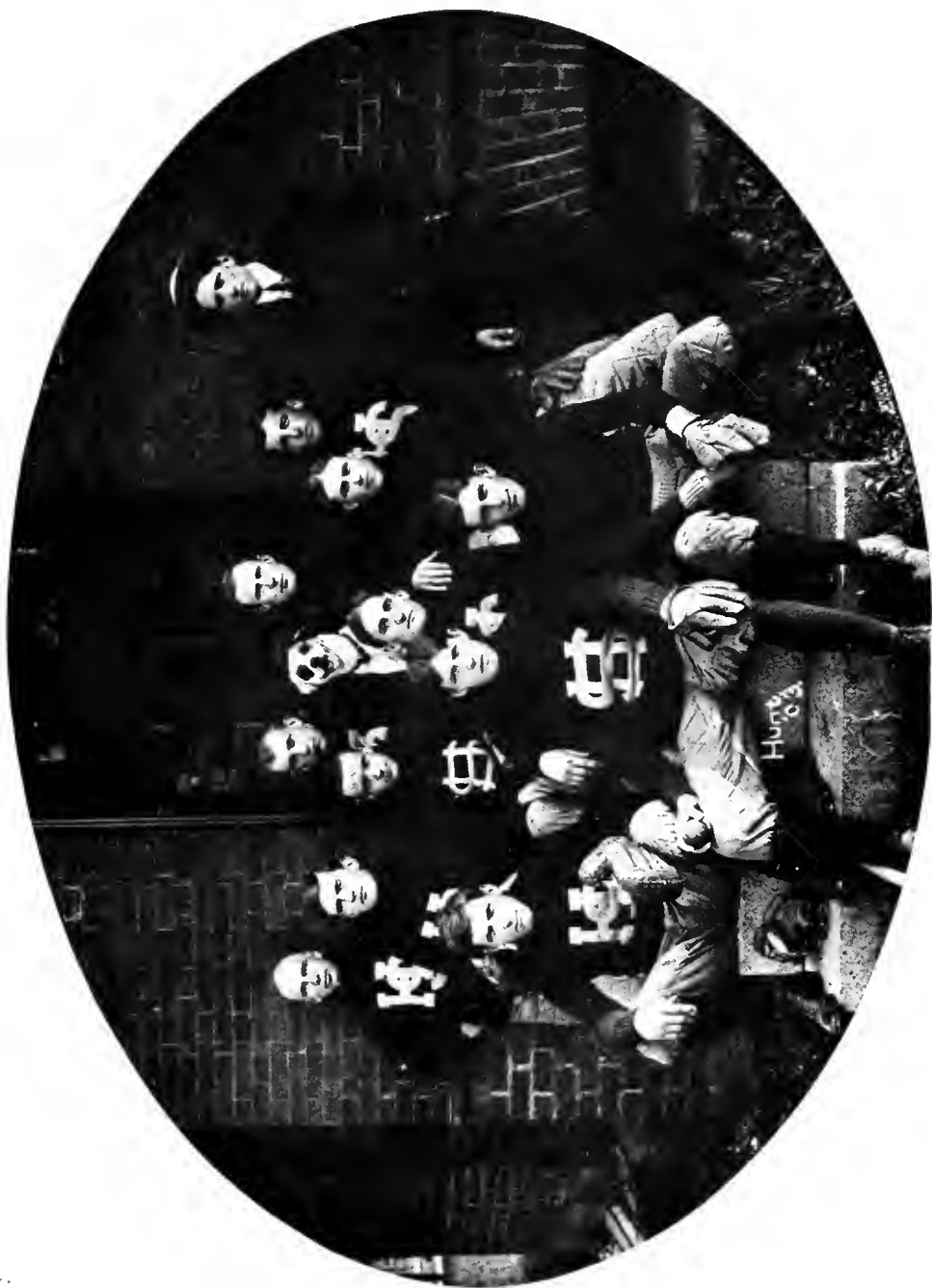
Substitutes.

McILWAIN

ELLETT

HANSBERGER, T. L.

KUYKENDALL



COLLEGE BASEBALL.

Senior Class Baseball Team.

H. P. JONES Captain
W. F. PATTON, JR. Manager

The Team.

H. P. JONES Catcher
M. B. LANGHORNE Pitcher
LUTHER SHELDON, JR. . . . First Base
JOHN MARTIN Second Base
R. S. PRESTON Short-stop
J. H. WOLVERTON Third Base

Outfielders.

W. T. WILLIAMS, JR.

W. F. PATTON, JR.

F. H. MANN.





SENIOR CLASS BASEBALL.



H. P. JONES *Instructor*
W. F. PATTON, JR. *Assistant*
W. F. PATTON, JR. HUNTER MANN
E. G. GAMMON R. F. BERNARD
F. H. MANN H. P. JONES
J. R. YOUNG



W. F. Gammon '03



GYMNASIUM TEAM.

Track Team.

R. S. PRESTON *Captain*
C. L. KINNIE *Manager*

Field-Day Events.

100-YARD DASH:

Winner : H. P. Jones.

Time : 11 seconds.

Second : Preston.

THROWING HAMMER :

Winner : Langhorne.

Distance : 67 feet, 2 inches.

QUARTER-MILE RACE.

Winner : Preston.

Time : 1 minute, 5 seconds.

Second : McGehee.

FIFTY-YARD DASH.

Winner : H. P. Jones.

Time : 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

Second : McGehee.

PUTTING SHOT :

Winner : McGehee.

Distance : 35 feet, 5 inches.

THROWING BASEBALL:

Winner : Chilton.

Distance : 100 yards.

HIGH JUMP :

Winner : McCorkle.

Height : 5 feet.

HURDLE RACE : Distance, 120 yards.

Winner : Stephenson, B.

Time : 15 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

Second : Preston.

HIGH KICK.

Winner : Stephenson, B.

Height : 9 feet.

THREE-LEGGED RACE.

Winners : H. P. Jones and Preston.

Time : 14 seconds.

BROAD JUMP :

Winner : McGehee.

Distance : 17 feet.

POLE VAULT:

Winner : Irving, J. K.

Height : 8 feet.

CLASS RELAY RACE :

Winners : Sophomores.

Distance : 1 mile.

Time : 4 minutes, 20 seconds.

SENIOR TEAM :

Patton, W. F., Jr.

Preston

West

Langhorne

JUNIOR TEAM :

Clarke, P. L.

McGehee

Wilson, J.

Edmunds

SOPHOMORE TEAM:

Irving, J. K.

McIlwaine

Watkins

Stephenson, B.

FRESHMAN TEAM :

Wicker

Young

Phlegar

Wade

CONSOLATION RACE :

Winner : Christian.

Distance : 75 yards.

Time : 12 seconds.



TRACK TEAM.



TENNIS CLUB.

LANGHORNE *President*
 SHELDON *Vice-President*
 KINNIER *Secretary and Treasurer*

JONES, H. P.

WINSTON

MARTIN

JONES, R. F.

CRAIG

WATKINS

ANDERSON, H.

MOORE

LACY

YOUNG

SHELDON

LANGHORNE

IRVING, J. K.

LYLE

KINNIER

STOKES, C. R.

ELCAN



TENNIS CLUB.



TENNIS SONG.

Sing ho! for the twanging racket,
Sing ho! for the summer breeze,
For the well-served cut and the quick return
In the game of all grace and ease.

Sing ho! for the merry laughter,
Sing ho! for the man at the net,
For the Lanford stroke and the strong swift drive
In the struggle to gain the set.

Sing ho! for the agile body,
Sing ho! for the movement free,
For the curving ball and the steady nerves
In the struggle for victory.

Sing ho! for the cheeks of the maidens,
Sing ho! for the ruddy glow,
For their hurrying feet and their eager eyes,
In the game of the long ago.



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A. W. WOOD	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. C. JACKSON	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
N. W. KUYKENDALL	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
W. S. LEE	<i>Treasurer</i>



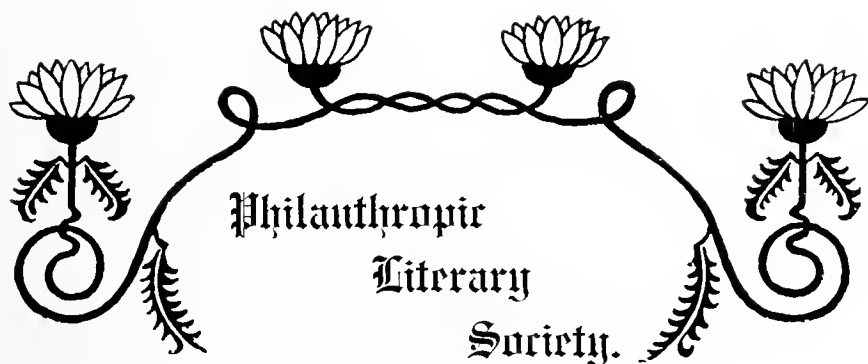
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PRESTON	KINNIER
SHELDON	CHILTON
BERNARD	LYLE
BUDD	MCILWAINE
CHRISTIAN	MILLER
CLARK	PRICE
COLLINS	STEPHENSON, B.
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HILL	BELL
KEMP	EGGLESTON
PATTON, A. F.	MANRY
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THORNTON	REYNOLDS
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MR. J. B. PARRISH



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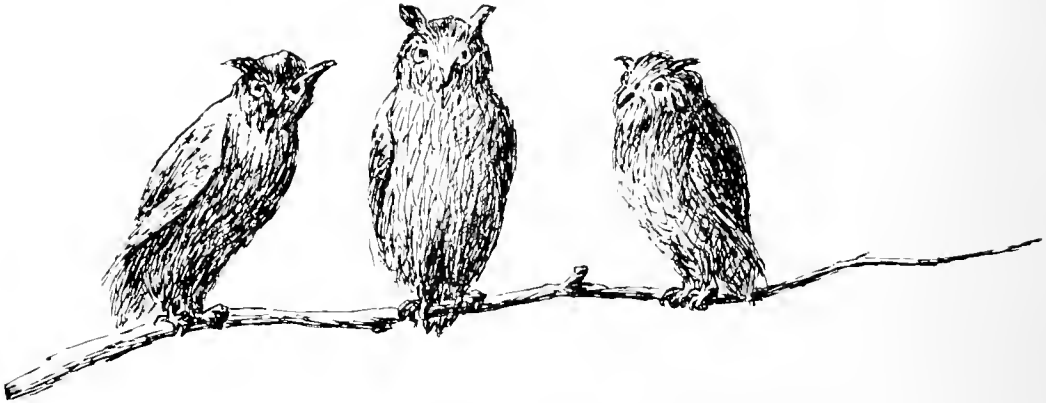
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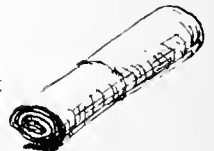
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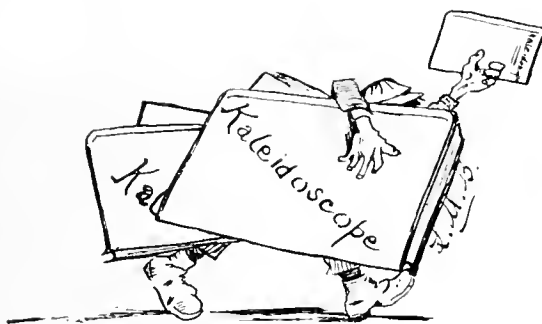
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MISS E. E. BUFORD	



Editorial.



THE editors of the 1903 KALEIDOSCOPE have had many difficulties to contend with, chief among which are the small number of students and the scarcity of literary talent among them. The effect of these things on the financial and literary departments need not be described. We mention our difficulties not as an apology for our Annual, but rather that, if there is merit in the book, all the more credit may be given to its editors and to the students for so loyally supporting them.

This has been an eventful session and we have endeavored to record in THE KALEIDOSCOPE every happening of interest, to make it more than ever a portrayal of the "days and ways of old Arcady"—the Arcady that is so dear to us. If we have done this, we do not fear for the reception our work will meet with from those to whom our student life is familiar. And if they are pleased, we have accomplished our object. But we have tried to make THE KALEIDOSCOPE interesting to others as well. There is in it biography and fiction and verse which they may find readable, and we have given special attention to artistic features.

For invaluable assistance to the Art Department we wish to thank especially Miss A. G. Farrar, Miss E. F. Preston, Miss B. G. Shearer, Miss L. M. Buford, Miss A. W. Caldwell, Mr. H. L. Flournoy, Mr. S. B. Chilton, Mr. R. T. Kemp, and Mr. C. B. Lacy.

To Rev. P. P. Flournoy, Rev. T. P. Epes, Professor J. D. Eggleston, Jr., Mr. W. B. Buford, and Mr. H. I. Brock, we gratefully give the credit for nearly all of whatever literary excellence THE KALEIDOSCOPE possesses.

And now our work is done. If you commend it, we have our reward for the time and labor we have lavished. If not, we shall at least have the reward of the consciousness that we have shirked no part of our duty and have done our best.

The Fable of the Overworked Student.



ONCE there lived at an Ancient College a brilliant Intellect who was Posted on all Matters pertaining to College Government. Some one had to assume the great Responsibility of running the College, and so the Job fell to this humble but wonderful Student, who out of the kindness of his heart took it upon himself. His Parents had attached to him the name of Classicus Maximus, for which he was suited by Nature. Classicus found he could give his Time to the Vast Interests of the College, because his Father was at Home making the Crowns for him to spend. And so, as long as he could Smoke his five-cent Cigars and be of Service to others with his Practical Suggestions, he took no Thought of the Flight of Time.

He had nothing to worry him except the Questions of College Government and a few other Important Matters.

When he tackled a Huge Problem he had a fresh and vigorous Brain at his Command. And he often said he had Never failed to Solve any Problem he had tackled.

To Glance at him was to know him for a Great Intellect and to Gaze upon him was to see that he had spent his Life in Thought. His Cerebrum was abnormally developed; his Forehead was full of Wisdom Ruffles; and there were no Bubbles on the Think-tank inside.

Any sweet and simple Maiden about the College who had merely made "Goo-goo Eyes" at him and had not looked into his Record or inquired about his Grandpa, would have thought he would soon walk into the Senate or ride into the White House.

To speak the Truth, Classicus Maximus couldn't have been elected Sergeant-at-Arms of a Literary Society, yet he could tell you what the President of the College would do next—often before the Plan was born in the President's own mind. And he could tell to the Mill what the Expenses of the College for the next year would be.

He was Often seen attached to a chain which had a Post-Office Key on the other end, and sitting for Hours in front of the Store or in Another Fellow's room,

with a half-smoked Cigarette in his hand and about twenty-eight cents in Coin in his Jeans. After Hours of Meditation in this wise, he could tell the Board of Trustees how to raise \$100,000 without any Trouble.

His fellow-students hardly realized how Great a man they were associating with. He nominated Governor Montague before a large audience of College janitors, carpenters, and Freshmen, on one of the Back Steps. He also sanctioned the wise step of the Board of Trustees in the selection of a new Professor. He simply wished to encourage the Board by letting them know he thought they had done Right.

Classicus was always Anxious lest the President would make some Blunder, and very often he could not sleep at Night (he slept soundly by Day) for thinking of what Might be. He felt that if he had been at the Faculty's elbow when it Suspended so many fellows one February, it would Not have made so Heinous a Mistake.

One of the Most Admirable of the Many Admirable Habits of Classicus was his Method in Everything at All Times. He had so many things to attend to he had to run on a close Schedule.

In the Mornings, he was so Industrious that he had only a few Moments to rush to his Hash-Dispensary, eat a hasty Breakfast, and get to his first Class. He had so many Other Matters of greater Importance upon his Mind that he rarely went to Chapel.

After Breakfast he was very Careful to wrap up in his Top-coat for fear he would catch cold and lose his voice. And if Classicus Maximus should have lost his voice, the World would have ceased to Move.

Classicus was always so busy that he had no Time to buy Cigarettes, so that every Morning he could be seen walking toward the Post-Office and smoking a Cigarette he had "bummed." Before going to his first Class he would always see that the Mail went off Properly, and he no doubt received many Thanks from the Postmaster.

On rare Occasions he would stand in front of the Chapel in the Morning and aid his fellow-Students by many suggestions, Original and Practical.

Of course, he was often Absent from his Classes, but as he had so many Thoughts and Burdens of Others weighing him down, he could not be expected to attend Always.

Classicus was so Methodical in starting for his Dinner at exactly 2 o'clock every day that John, the Janitor, would wait until he saw Classicus before ringing the Bell.

As he had no time between Breakfast and Dinner to purchase Cigarettes, he again did some fellow-Student the Honor of smoking one of his Cigarettes for

him. As he walked to the Post-Office after Dinner he would look apertures into the pavement, while studying out some deep Question.

Whatever Classicus Failed to do, he never Failed to go to the Post-Office. One day during his first year at College, he had received a Regal Shoe Catalogue, and after that he had never failed to call for his Mail.

His knowledge had a Wide range. He was one of the First to declare that the Theory proclaimed by Malthus was Correct. Then, too, he heartily and very cheerfully sanctioned Dr. Bagby's selection of Young's Astronomy as a text-book, and this must have been very Gratifying to the Doctor.

No matter how important was the Question he was debating in his Mind, his Methodical Habits always led him to his Boarding-House exactly at Supper-Time.

After Supper he would wend his way to the Post-Office with an Expectant look.

At half-past eight he would purchase a Bottle of Pickles and have them charged.

Then he would go to his Room, where he had had very Little Time to be during the whole Day, and would ask his Roommate to fix the Lounge for him, as he was feeling quite tired and Run-down.

MORAL: The greatest Evil of the Student of To-day is Overwork.

A POEM SWEET.

A poem sweet—to-night? Ah! no—
Unless you wish a song of woe,
And not a lyric gay and bright,
With verse and rhyme as airy light
As those of old and long ago.

Yet if when fancies ebb and flow
You should to me but kinder grow,
Why, then, perhaps, for you I'll write
A poem sweet.

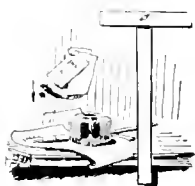
But should some eve at twilight glow,
A Yes be whispered faint and low—
No fears a budding joy to blight,
No doubts to turn the day to night—
Then life will be to me, I trow,
A poem sweet.

Rondeau.

You are not here, alas ! and so,
Though softly-rooning breezes blow
 Adown yon purple mounts and bear
 From flower-set meads a fragrance rare ;
Though day's bright orb, now sinking low,
Gives castle-clouds a golden glow,
 And nightingales sweet love declare ;
'Tis all in vain—I still but know
 You are not here.

The silvery rills that near me flow,
Soothed oft—they soothe not now ; for oh !
 You, whose absence turns joy to care,
 And makes these scenes I once thought fair
With varied charm, but varied woe,
 You are not here !

A Safe and Satisfactory Arrangement.



HE dapper young man with the speaking eye sat in one large chair and his friend with the beard and the contented expression sat in the other. Both smoked immense cigars.

"If I was only sure," said the young man with the speaking eye, as if to himself.

At this, the other, who had been staring out of the club window, turned to his companion.

"Sure of what, Charley?" he asked.

"Of her, of course," said the one addressed as Charley.

"Yes?"

"Exactly; if I was only sure she'd refuse me, I'd offer her my heart and hand this very night. I think—I am almost sure—that she would scorn my offer; but there's always the chance that she mightn't. That's the deuce of it. There's always a chance, Jack. A man can't bank on any of them saying no."

Jack allowed himself an expression of mild surprise, and the man with the speaking eye went on:

"You see," he explained, "the truth is that I've, in my bearing toward Molly, rather diffused the impression that life wouldn't hold much for me if she was out of it—and yet I've never said anything. Now, you know, I rather think she expects something."

Charley paused and looked solemnly at the other man and the other man said, "Indeed?" with a rising inflection.

"I may say I am sure she expects something," Charley pursued with some asperity, "and I'm sure that it ain't that she's fallen in love with me or any of that rot." Jack stared at him very hard. "It's—it's—just because of the impression I have diffused."

"You should not diffuse impressions," said Jack, dogmatically.

"Bosh!" said the man with the speaking eye. "Anyhow I have diffused this one, and—I—don't like to fail to—come up to expectations. It's deuced humiliated. Besides I don't know a girl who could reject a man with such a fine air of grieved gentleness and sweet sympathy—or enjoy the thing more—than Molly. And I don't know a man who could be more wildly tragic in a gentlemanly way over the rejection than I could be. It would be an experience worth having—if,

as I say, I was only sure of Molly. And you know as well as I do that nobody can be sure of Molly."

"Why, in Heaven's name," the friend burst out, "should you be afraid that Molly will take you? She has had some little experience in saying no before this. And you—you are not especially eligible, and you admit yourself that she is not in love with you."

"Of course," said Charley, not without some show of displeasure. "That ain't the question. The point is that Molly's dev'lish smart and 't would be just like her to twig my game and accept me for just long enough to upset all my calculations, and after leadin' me a dance to drop me the hardest ever."

"Ah!" said Jack, "I begin to see."

"Maybe you do," said the other, "though you don't commonly. I don't see at all." And he got up and stalked out of the room and out of the club, leaving the unsympathetic Jack to stare out of the window and pursue his reflections.

* * * * *

A week later Charley came into the place and dropped into the same chair opposite the same friend. He had a dejected air and his cigar had gone out. He did not light another.

"Well?" said Jack, after looking him over.

"I went and did it," said the man with the speaking eye—which was a very dull eye now.

"And how was it?"

"Accepted."

"You don't say?"

"Yes. And now I don't know whether I am a sucker, or a villain, or the happiest man alive."

"You certainly don't look happy," Jack volunteered.

"It is the wretched uncertainty," moaned Charley with his head in his hands.

"Very bad, no doubt," said Jack. "But, my dear boy, which do you want it to be?"

"I'm hanged if I know, for sure," the other replied, dolefully. "I'd hate to be a sucker, of course—and she is a deuced fine girl and all sorts too good for me and I admire her—and all that, but I ain't anxious to get married yet awhile, you know. It's a week now since it was done, and I can't make heads nor tails of it. I tell you it's the infernal uncertainty. It's drivin' me into a decline."

Jack looked sympathetic.

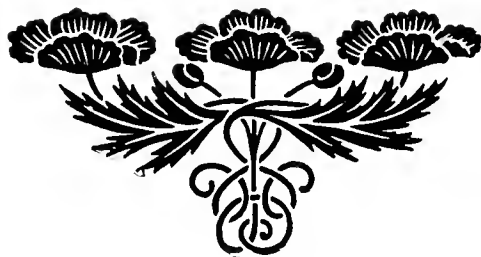
"Suppose you ask Molly about it," he suggested. "She is about the only person—"

The frantic Charley glared at his friend and flung out of the chair and out of the room. A few minutes afterwards Jack, still sitting at his window, saw him go down the club steps with an absent-minded air.

Two weeks later the wedding was "announced to have been arranged," and a month after that Jack performed the part of best man with dignity and propriety.

He was told just after the event by a girl who was a very dear friend of the bride that "Molly said" she really didn't know when she accepted Charley whether it was a joke or not. "I wasn't at all sure that *I* wanted *him*," this ingenuous young woman was reported to have said; "and then—Charley was always such a flirt, you never knew what *he* meant."

At which history Jack nodded wisely and held his peace.





Artistic.

*When greater lights have ceased to glow,
As then the lesser ones are seen,
May I like some dim starlet show
Within thy vision's scope, my queen.*

*When greater thoughts have ceased to be,
And silently you sit alone,
May I some moment steal from thee,
One simple thought claim for my own.*

*When greater acts have ceased to weave
Thy time with their performance, dear,
May I some favor small receive
From thine own hand, my heart to cheer.*

*When greater words have ceased to flow
In accents softer far than mine,
May I some simple speech bestow
On thee, and hear, "My heart is thine."*

Characteristic Sounds of Hampden-Sidney.



ONE month ago there appeared in the *New York Journal* an article entitled, "Sounds of the City, as recorded by a Graphophone." Near this article was another describing Edison's latest invention, a graphophone so small that it could be carried in the pocket. This set me to thinking. Why could not I, with such a machine in my pocket, go among the boys and, unknown to them, record such expressions as are most frequently heard about College? The more I thought of it, the more I liked it, and the upshot was that I ordered one of the graphophones, and for several weeks had it with me wherever I went. Thinking that it might be of some interest to the Hampden-Sidney boys, at least, I have made a copy of the records I secured.

Um-m-m, my stars, Mr. Jones, you 've got to study like all the world, or I 'll pitch you.

Oh, my dear sir, I can't understand it. I hope this is clear to every one. Do you follow me, sir?

Shoot the clute!—Oh, Br'er Manry, you pain me to the heart!

Er, we 'll have—a t-test—next Tuesday. Reacts very markedly—er-r.

Meester Cheeltong, don't you know the Aorist Pair-rticiple?

Immejiately after Chapel.—About sixty years ago, over in Ireland, there lived an old fellow named—.

All the letters up? Can't see why I didn't draw one!

Did the Richmond mail come to-day? Yes; don't you see the letter in 201?

Ah! Here 's my blue letter. Now for thoughts of love and matrimony!

Gimme next on the *Dispatch*.

Anything for me, Boss?

I 'll cut you. Stuck!

Going to the Normal to-night, Dick?

Calie! Calie!! Calie!!!

O, Monty, what 's the news from the Normal?

Water on Fourth!

Sing, Freshman!

*Sweet Marie, I'm up a tree,
Sweet Marie, I'm up a tree,
And I'm fresh as I can be,
Sweet Marie!*

FRESHMEN!!

All right, Hieney, I'll hike you one.
Br'er, have my books come yet?
Flea, want to read Latin?
Any hot water to-day?
Why in the world don't you get something to eat, George?
Stokes Brown, my clothes done yet?
Aw, this is in six-eight time. Play it this way.

*In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,—*

Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah!
'Ginia! H.-S.!
TIGER!!

You're out! Too fat—can't run.

We won't sit down till we make a run,
We won't sit down till we make a run,
(ad infinitum).

What's the matter with Weary?
Root there, Freshmen!

We run this place, we *do*!
We run this place, we *do*!
When Richmond comes, we play pretty well,
When Randolph-Macon comes, we play like—,
We run this place, we *do*!!

What do we want? We want a speech!

Rah, rah, Doctor!
Rah, rah, Brock!
Rah, rah, rah, rah
Dr. Brock!

Hike 'em up, Lobby!
Who 'd you say besides—?
Grape-nuts! Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!
Br'er, where 's this Weber begin?

Wella went to sea as a bold A. B.—

Tokes, wut 'id 'Fetter Tornton tay?

There is one more, an echo from a New York law-office, which we once heard
day and night—in fact,

All the while.

WHEN FIRST WE MET.

When first we met 't was long ago—
The West had lost its golden glow ;
As in a dream and sweeter, too,
The twilight moments swiftly flew—
Nor thought I then you 'd answer no.

Tho' days may pass in ceaseless flow,
And even I shall older grow,
Can I forget that day—and you—
When first we met?

When daisies bloom and lilies blow,
When zephyrs whisper faint and low,
Perhaps we 'll meet and feel anew
The spell that Cupid o'er us threw
In days that now I treasure so—
When first we met.

4 Chronicles I.

AND the people mourned for *their* king many days and would not be comforted, for that *their* king must needs be at Richmond for to make the laws of the land.

2. AND it came to pass on the twenty and fifth day of the month Elul that the king did return back again for to rule among *his* people, and *there* was great rejoicing in the land.

3. AND the people looked upon the king with loving eye and considered *him* with a joyful heart, for that he had done many wise *deeds* and said many wise *sayings* at Richmond.

4. AND it came to pass that James ceased to rule in the king's stead, and right glad he was, for that the wicked peoples of the land had sorely vexed him, day by day, and night by night, and from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

5. AND it came to pass in the same month Elul that many peoples came into the land for to seek the doctors of law and to learn at the feet of the wise teachers, which abode in the king's country.

6. Now some of these selfsame peoples had been in the land before and were come again to gather more learning, and the names of them be, Sophites, and Juniorites, and Seniorites. Moreover, many strange peoples descended into the land, and they gat the name of Freshites, which, being interpreted, meaneth of a forward mouth and a haughty disposition.

7. Now these peoples which be named Freshites, were sorely vexed and persecuted insomuch that they must needs hold their peace, and say nothing to any man, lest one among the Sophites should fall upon him and make sport of him or roughly use him.

8. AND it happened that there abode *in the land* a Freshite, which having a tongue, used it, *so that* it had been better for that one if he had remained at the Farmville Hotel and had never reached "the Hill," for he was not safe in his own bed, and many persecutions were meted out to him when that he was known in the land.

9. AND *so* it came to pass on the first day of the month Tishri that this selfsame Freshite used his tongue in ways he should not, and walked very haughtily before the Sophites, so that the Sophites talked among themselves how they might punish him.

10. AND they privily fell upon him and beat him, and before the days of his persecutions were ended he received fifty stripes save one. And many things had he to put in his letters which he sent each day to his mother.

11. AND after this peace reigned throughout the land for a short *space*, and an exceedingly pleasant place was it in which to dwell. The land flowed with milk and honey; the mountains dropped fatness and the hills brought forth new wine.

12. Now after the days of peace were ended, the chosen warriors of the people waged many wars at home and abroad among the Hogeites and the Richmondites and the Maconites and many others whose names are written in the book of the kings.

13. Now it came to pass that the wicked peoples of the land began to walk in ways they should not, and much trouble gave they to the king and all the neighboring peoples.

14. AND it came to pass on the tenth day of the month Shebat that a good man and a just came from a farm near-by, bringing an engine with him.

15. But it came to pass that on the night before the first day of the week a company of men reasoned among themselves how they might seize this engine. And they privily laid hands upon it by night and brought *it* before the gate of the Synagogue and there left *it* with its wheels in the mud two and two feet, even four feet.

16. AND on the morrow the people laughed with great laughter when that they saw what was done. And when the owner would take the engine home with him he must needs have three asses to pull it out of the mud where asses had put it.

17. Now many storms and much wind were wont to come upon the land. And it was wont to grow exceeding cold so that the people must needs have fire in the Memorial Hall. And when that the price of coal was above that the king could pay, the king bade John put oil stoves in the Memorial Hall.

18. AND these stoves did warm with great warmth the house and the people therein.

19. AND lo! upon a certain night while the king and all *his* counsellors slept, these self-same stoves did disappear. And when John would make the fires on the morrow, he findeth no stoves;

20. So that he hasteth to the king and to James for to tell them of the calamity that had befallen *the land*. And men not a few were sent hither and thither to seek that which was lost.

21. AND after much searching the stoves were restored whole unto the Memorial Hall. And John shook his head mightily from side to side, as he was wont to do, and cried out, These youths, these youths of a wicked heart and crooked ways!

22. Would that they had never come to vex me and my master, the king! For I must needs watch their comings *in* and their goings *out*, insomuch that my night is turned into day with watching.

23. Now on the twenty and second day of the month Adar, the people of the land were wont to celebrate a feast among them, and

much people came for to observe the feast and to hear the young men speak learned speeches in the Memorial Hall.

24. AND there was wont to be much rejoicing and dancing at the feast for *many* days and nights.

25. But it came to pass that the Sanhedrin met together and, as was their wont, they talked much of the young men of the land. And they sent out a decree, saying, Hear us, ye mighty people. There is a time for sowing and a time for reaping, a time for weeping and a time for dancing.

26. But on the great feast days, neither at Commencement nor at any other time, let there be no dancing in the land.

27. Now when the young men and young women of the land heard this their hearts were sunken within them, for that their minds were turned towards dancing. They went about saying, Why are we thus treated? Did not our fathers dance before us, even Noah?

28. Now it happened that there were *some* young men of the land which were wroth when they read the decree and which went about saying many hard *things*. Moreover, they did tell every one that there would be no feast on the twenty and second day and did send out many hand-bills to that effect.

29. So that there was a great commotion in the land which did sorely try the king and his counsellors. And the time of the feast drew nigh and the young men of a wicked heart began the more to create a stir in the land.

30. AND when the people of the land had assembled themselves together for to hear the young men speak in the Memorial Hall, not a few were gathered on the outside for to do what mischief they might.

31. AND it happened that when all the people were within the Memorial Hall, there was mighty sound as of a mighty rushing wind and a cloud of smoke, insomuch that no man could say who was his sweetheart and who his aunt.

32. AND the young men ceased speaking and there was much stir among the people.

33. AND on the morrow the king gat him up early and summoned *unto him* all his counsellors for to search and lay hold upon the young men which had been so wayward and had done the many wicked things in their eyes.

34. So the king and his counsellors assembled and sent out their messenger Stokes for to summon many young men before their presence.

35. AND no man knew who would be called *next*. And when they had summoned not a few young men, they found that many of them had set off firecrackers, and many other dangerous things *had they done* at the Memorial Hall.

36. AND the king issued a decree, saying,

Hearken unto us, O ye generation of evil-doers. Ten young men there be which we banish from the land for the space of one month, even until the month Nisan, for they have done many wicked things when they learned they could not dance.

37. AND these young men may reside for the space of a month at Worsham, which be *a city* of much people and beauty in the land toward the rising of the sun. And after their days of repentance are ended they shall return to the land in sackcloth and ashes and continue therein.

38. AND there be two young men which we permit to remain *in the land*, but which must walk in straight paths lest their days be cut short and that right quickly.

39. AND after these things *there* was peace throughout all the borders of the land.

LOVE AND FLOWERS.

Oh, golden the sun and azure the skies,
And gently the breezes are blowing ;
From forest and meadow melodies rise
And musical streamlets are flowing.
Oh, sweet is the fragrance of myriad flowers
(And flower-like doth love, too, endure).
But fleeting 's the life of these blossoming bowers—
Ah, summer is fair, but winter is sure.

Oh, soft is the light that 's now in her eyes,
To you all her heart's love showing,
And ardent the love. How long ere it dies ?
And then will you grieve for its going ?
A day, perhaps. For flowers *will* fade away—
And flower-like doth love, too, endure—
Yet soon will bloom others as fair as they—
One summer may go, but another is sure.



The Blonde.

Whence came thy tresses by that beauty rare,
That yellow, pale, fair-shining of thy hair?
Did jonquils, dying with the last sweet spring,
Will thee a golden legacy or fling
A farewell blessing on thy favored head?
Or did the setting sun from yon hill shed
On thee a fairer radiance than day's,
To shine when light is gone, and with the rays
Of lustrous summer moon to vie in sheen—
A crown unrivalled by the crown of queen?

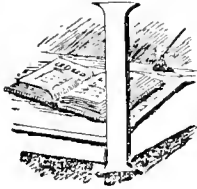


The Brunette.

Methinks your eyes are shades that dwell
Deep in the glades
And leafy nooks, the last to tell
What day parades,
And first to take deep twilight's spell ;
That they were made from crystal-gemmed
Morn's dewy light,
Whose radiant rays were quickly hemmed
In darkest night,
And the light-flood upon itself was stemmed.

Sketches by the Wayside.

J. D. EGGLESTON, JR.



FEEL that I must say to the "gentle reader" (in order to keep him gentle) that the editor of THE KALEIDOSCOPE is responsible for the continuance of these sketches that have been appearing in THE KALEIDOSCOPE for several years.

In last year's sketches I told of how Billy Madison had scared a considerable amount of growth out of McMurrin in a fake duel. Billy was adjudged to be somewhat simple in his college days; but he showed a wit and daring on one occasion that has remained a green spot in the memory of the boys of the 70's.

Madison lisped a bit, and talked in slow, measured tones. One night he was visiting some young ladies, when Dr. Henry Alexander was announced. The doctor was such a delightful talker that it was natural for those who were in his company to give him a monopoly of the conversation; and in fact he was at his best when he became the active voice in a monologue, with appreciative listeners entirely passive. The doctor had just returned from a flying trip to Europe, and the conversation easily drifted to this trip. One of the young ladies asked him if he enjoyed the outing. In his mellow tones the doctor said:

"Well, yes, it was very pleasant, though I had to travel very rapidly, owing to my short vacation. I really felt like one of those birds of passage—Ah-h, what is the name of that bird that flies from place to place? Ah-h, the—" (and he paused to give the word its needed emphasis).

"Potibly it ith the flying gooth, doctor!" quoth Madison.

One of the most polished and cultured gentlemen on the Hill, before my college days and during my Freshman year, was Colonel Delaware Kemper, the professor of mathematics. He was a brilliant mathematician, a wide reader, and a very entertaining talker. He was small of stature, but was said to be a veritable giant in strength. I once heard my uncle, Mr. Markham Eggleston, whom hundreds of the old college boys knew and loved so well, say that he had seen Colonel Kemper write his name on the wall with a twenty-five pound bag of shot suspended from the little finger of the hand with which he was writing.

The Colonel, as we used to call him, was not usually severe with the boys, though he could be extraordinarily so when he deemed it necessary. He was mild in marking us on recitations, and there is little doubt that some of the boys took advantage of this fact.

When the "spring fever" began to permeate us in the early days of April, and there crept over us that intense longing to be out of doors and in the fields or woods, away from books and "the studious cloister's pale," it was the custom for each class to ask the Colonel for "Cane Day." They would go to recitation and beg the Colonel to let them off in order that they might go into the woods to cut a supply of canes for the spring and summer. A little pleasant teasing usually got the favor.

One morning in early spring the Colonel walked into his recitation-room and discovered that some miscreant had greased every blackboard from top to bottom. I think it must have been done by some of the Juniors, if their subsequent actions are to be judged. They knew it before chapel opened, and very few were prepared for the recitation in mathematics. The Seniors had been duly notified and when the hour arrived for their recitation, there was a hush of expectancy over the class. The Colonel opened the text-book and quietly observed, with that nasal twang for which he was noted:

"Some mischievous rascals have greased my blackboards. I do not suppose that a Senior would be guilty of such an act."

There were solemn asseverations and uplifted hands at the very thought of a Senior being so wicked as to commit such a crime as that! So with a few quiet comments on the matter, the Colonel gave the same recitation, with a little added, for the next day, and the Seniors marched out looking as grave as Roman Senators.

This was the signal for the other classes, and not a soul looked at a Math book after that hour. The Junior Class came in next, with an assumed quietness and innocence of countenance that should have opened the eyes of the Colonel to the true inwardness of the situation. He repeated what he had said to the Seniors; and the same pious exclamations were uttered by the Juniors, except that their deeper guilt made them go so far as to intimate that hanging was too good for any boy that would grease any blackboard in the Colonel's room. They were dismissed.

When the Sophomores entered the room, the Juniors had a vacant hour and waited to see what might happen. The Colonel had intimated that he believed some of the members of the lower classes had thus desecrated his room. He opened

the text-book and quietly asked one of the boys to go to the blackboard. One or two Juniors who had been looking in at the window now climbed up on the sill, and others followed.

The boy who had been called on went to the board with a very innocent air and suddenly exclaimed, "Colonel, somebody has greased these boards, and the chalk won't make any mark on them!"

"Is that so?" drawled the Colonel, quietly. "Well, that is a small matter. Here is plenty of room over here on the floor. Just come over here and draw the figure." And he indicated a vacant space on the floor of the recitation-room.

This sudden turn in affairs threw the Sophomores into a mental panic. The Juniors now crowded around the door and filled the window, Colonel Kemper seeming to be unaware of their presence. Those innocent Sophs had to draw figures on the floor and recite as though nothing unusual had happened. The way in which Proverbs 13, 15, was shattered that morning was enough to make the profane skeptical of Solomon's wisdom; for it was a total lack of an understanding of the situation that gave favors to the Juniors that day, and the way of the transgressors was as though covered with softest roses.

One day in early June, in my Freshman year, I was feeling more than usually lazy—language could hardly go further. I had stood all my examinations except the one on mathematics—a few pages of algebra and five books of geometry. In those warm days not only much study but any study was a great weariness to my flesh.

Did you ever have a longing in the spring to "take to the woods"? To get away from the din and dust of civilization and out in the quiet of the forest and field, with nothing above you but the blue sky and the mellow sunshine that falls through the limbs and leaves like shotted gold? Had I been a slave in the ante-bellum days I would probably have been known as "Runaway Joe," for I would have run away to the woods every spring. Oh, yes, and I would have taken the key with me, for it is useless to go without it, however wise one may be in the books. Aaron, the Son of Ben Ali, would tell you that in order to find the key "you must be touched by the people who live next door to the world." You must find the key that opens your eyes to the mysteries,

"For the door is locked, and the key
Is safely hid in a hollow tree."

So despite my struggles that morning to hold my mind down (or up) to the task of geometry, my thoughts rebelled and flew to the fields, where I could hear the feathered friends twittering in their heart-bursting happiness; could smell the

wild azalea and honeysuckle, and could hear the liquid music of the little brook that sings its course from its source to the sea, as it purls along through my father's fields and then darts into the wood near Slate Hill. There was then, and is now, a delightfully cool and shady place on this brook. The exact spot is a secret known only to Br'er Jack Rabbit and Sister Molly Cotton, and to the brook mysteries and three of us humans. When a little fellow nine years old, I used to go there with Crittenden Marriott—who became famous as a war correspondent in Cuba—and with Stephen Farrar, since risen to be a staid and dignified county judge—and pretend to study Bingham's Latin Grammar for examination under Professor Thornton, who at that time was the head of old Prince Edward Academy.

With a great desire in my heart and a book in my hands, which should I follow? Suddenly a plan came to me like an inspiration. I would risk it, and if the plan failed—well, so would I the next day. Meanwhile I would enjoy life. And I went with my heart and spent one of the happiest days of my life. Nature could not have been in a sweeter, more entrancing mood, nor I in a more receptive one.

“Good luck to all who know the way,
By crooked path and clinging vine!”

That afternoon as the sun was sinking behind the hills I took my book of geometry and walked to the Hill, and to Colonel Kemper's home. Knocking at the door I called for the Colonel and was ushered into the parlor. In a few minutes he entered, dressed in a cool-looking white suit, and was most cordial. No man could be more pleasant in his home than Colonel Kemper.

“Colonel,” I said after a short pause in the conversation, “I have a request to make of you, and I hope you will not deny it.”

“Well, Mr. Eggleston, what is it?” he said.

“Well, Colonel, to-morrow is Math. examination, and I am utterly worn out with the miserable things,” I said. “I have stood four examinations in this hot weather, and the very thought of getting up five books of geometry in order to answer the ten questions you are going to put on the board, makes me sick. I would greatly appreciate it if you would indicate some of the propositions that you consider of sufficient importance to review for examination.”

“In other words, you wish me to stand the examination for you,” he drawled. “That is a very unique request.”

“No, sir; I don't expect you to do that,” I answered with growing courage; “but you know, Colonel, how hard it is on a boy to have to stay indoors in weather like this, when there is so much to see and learn out of doors. And I thought you

wouldn't mind saving me a lot of wearisome study on propositions that you would never put up for examination."

"Well," he drawled, "I suppose I shall have to relieve you of some of it."

Going through the five books, he indicated the propositions that he thought important. When he finished he said, "I think I have omitted about half." But he had done better than that. He had omitted all but fifty. I had counted them as he went along. I thanked him and bowed myself out. That night and the next morning I reviewed the fifty propositions.

Some of the readers of this article will doubtless think that this action of the Colonel was very wrong. It depends entirely on the point of view. Colonel Kemper was not the only teacher in his day who had a profound contempt for a system that measures a boy's knowledge of architecture by his ability to climb over the roof.

W. R., of the Class of '83, contracted the habit in his Junior year of getting excused from Colonel Kemper's room about five days out of six. The other days he would get the lesson and have a good recitation. One day Morton Holladay, Dan Bedinger, and Sam Daniel said to Colonel Kemper, "Colonel, if W. excuses himself to-day, will you call on him if we bring him back?" The Colonel said he would do anything to accommodate the three gentlemen.

As soon as Latin class was over the Juniors marched into the Math. room, and had hardly taken seats when W. R. asked to be excused. The three conspirators at once asked to be excused, and W. R. sniffed trouble. As soon as he got out of the room he raced up-stairs, the three after him, and went into Union Hall, locking both doors. The outer door was prized open without damage, but the inner door, being frail, was quickly smashed. The victim was taken down-stairs and to the belfry, soundly "bucked," and then taken to the Colonel's room and placed on the front bench. Colonel Kemper probably thought the humiliation sufficient, and did not add to it by calling on the gentleman. But the latter never asked after that to be excused from the recitation-room. Holladay, Bedinger, and Daniel had to pay a dollar apiece to fix the broken door.

The Class of '83 was noted for several things: ability, athletes—and nerve. As an illustration of the last may be mentioned the time the class called on Dr. Atkinson in a body. After a few preliminary remarks Dr. Atkinson said, "I feel sure that this is something deeper than a social visit, gentlemen. What can I do for you?"

A more auspicious opening could not have been asked. The doctor was informed that the class wished to be excused from recitation that day. For what reason? Just because they were tired and would like to have a little rest. And



STONE
Kentucky, Va.

"VIA SACRA."

would the doctor please give the same lesson for the next day, and not add much to it, was the modest request of Morton Holladay before the doctor had gotten his breath from the previous request! Why Dr. Atkinson yielded no one knows. He probably did not know, himself. When cheek rises to heights that are sublime, it ceases to be cheek and becomes gracious condescension.

Flushed with such a victory the class had easy sailing in being excused by the other professors that day.

At another time some fox hounds ran a fox through the campus just as the bell rung for Math. class. Bob Palmer was conscientious. Davis, Read, and Bob Preston were chasing honors. All the rest of the class dropped their books and chased the fox. When they returned from the sport, and walked into the class, there was a dead silence. Colonel Kemper was gazing at the ceiling and blowing rings with cigarette smoke, apparently oblivious of the recent arrivals. Finally, Bedinger said:

"Colonel, aren't we going to have any recitation to-day?"

"The recitation is over."

"But we haven't recited."

"All of you"—indicating with a wave of the hand the fox chasers—"got zero."

"But, Colonel"—and it took some very strenuous arguing and pleading before the Colonel declared a truce and sent them all to the blackboard.

Billy Hopkins and Hugh White roomed together on the third floor of the first passage, just over Professor Blair's recitation-room. It had been the custom for years to make plenty of noise in the room while a recitation was in progress below. This had been accomplished in various ways and with varying degrees of success. Such models of correct living as "Two" Graham and, I believe, Charlie Stribling, had helped to make recitation life a burden to Professor Blair and a joy to the students. Their favorite method was to roll iron dumb-bells on the floor and then retire rapidly to the floor above. When, goaded beyond the point of endurance, Professor Blair would walk up the steps and knock at the door, not a soul could be found. The boys in the recitation-room would of course preserve a dignified silence until the Professor's return.

The favorite method of disturbing the recitation when I was at college was to wrestle on the floor, and chase each other around the room. Many and many a day did Hopkins, Wilson, Walter Watson, and myself act in this thoughtless manner. But when we heard the door below open, and a slow, and steady step start up the stairway, we scattered, and that in short order. Sometimes we went under the beds and sometimes in the small cupboard that was in the room.

One day Hopkins, Wilson, and I fixed it up on Watson in the following manner: Wilson slipped down to the recitation-room at a vacant hour; Hopkins, Watson, and I remained in Hopkins' room. Hopkins threw a pillow at Watson's head, and immediately there was what is commonly known as a "mix-up," in which I took a hand by jumping around on the floor. Then I said: "Watch out, boys, Professor Blair will be up here directly if you don't stop." Just then a heavy tread was heard below in the recitation-room, and Professor Blair's door was opened. Getting by White's bed I whispered: "There he comes!" and disappeared under the bed. Hopkins rushed for the under side of his bed, at the same time saying, "Get in the cupboard, Walter!" Walter got. Up the stairway came that slow tread so familiar to us all. The silence grew painfully intense. Wilson knocked at the door. No answer. A louder knock. No reply. Then the door was opened and a heavy tread was heard in the room. Suddenly it started for the cupboard, which could not be held shut from the inside. Meanwhile Hopkins and I had silently scrambled out and gotten behind Wilson. Wilson walked with measured tread to the cupboard and slowly opened the door. I shall never forget Watson's expression, caught, as he thought, in the very act! Only the strong eye-muscles prevented his eyes from dropping out.

When Asa Dupuy and Buck Eggleston were at college in the 70's, they used to go out to Hickory Grove to visit. It is a good three miles from the Hill, and farther than that on a cold or muddy night. Sometimes they went together, sometimes not. When they were not together, it was a sure indication that neither wished to be bothered with the other. That occasionally occurs, I've heard, when young men are visiting the same young lady.

One night Eggleston rode out without Dupuy. In about half an hour Dupuy, not knowing that any one was ahead of him, rode out, and on arriving at the front gate saw Eggleston's horse. Putting the stirrups over the horse's back, he untied the reins from the hitching-post and tied them to the saddle. He then turned the horse loose, and in a very short time the animal was at home. Then he rode around to the stable, put his horse in a vacant stall and went into the house. In about half an hour after Dupuy's arrival, Eggleston left. Going out to the front gate he saw that his horse was gone. Not seeing Dupuy's horse made him suspicious. It was not likely that both horses had gotten loose. He went around to the stable and found Dupuy's horse. Then the trick was apparent. Mounting the horse, he rode home. Dupuy walked.

One night they went out to Hickory Grove together. Dupuy had dressed hurriedly, and as they started out, Eggleston noticed that the former had forgotten to put on a collar. When they reached their destination and were about to enter

the front gate, Eggleston said suddenly, "Good heavens, Asa! You haven't got any collar on!" And Dupuy had to ride back in company with his own thoughts.

I was on for an oration in the Phip Hall one night in the winter of '85. There had been a long season of rain and slush. The roads were unspeakably bad, the walks little better. The walk from the store to the college was so bad that many of the boys went around through the churchyard. At that time there was a tremendous mud-puddle between the bridge and the front gates to the yard. It was about four feet by four feet, with a depth of a good foot. And it was full of water and mud.

Tucker Graham, Bob Blanton, Billy Hopkins, Sandy McKelway, and myself were in the store, chatting, when we heard the last bell ring for the societies, and we had to hurry to get in before roll-call. Graham started out first, with me a close second, and the rest in line. We raced through the churchyard, and just before getting to the front gates (which were open), an inspiration seized me. It did not hold me back, however. It pushed me on the faster, for it gave me a consuming desire to shove Graham in the back just as he started to jump over that mud-puddle. But an inspiration seized Graham at the same time that the one seized me. His inspiration told him that I was inspired. So just as I gave a lunge forward to shove Graham, he gave a sudden spurt and jumped over the puddle. The rest may be better imagined than described. My inspiration entirely forgot to inform me that there was a little post, about half a foot high right in the middle of the road. As I lunged forward, my foot caught on the post and I explored the depths of the puddle. So effectually did I clean out that mud and water by splashing some of it out and absorbing the rest, that the other fellows could have gone over dryshod. Every boy in the crowd except myself leaned against the college fence and laughed until he cried. I could not do either, for I was too busy spitting mud and water for the next five minutes to allow any laughing, and my eyes were too full of muddy water for me to see the fun of the thing.

I went to Hopkins' room and stayed there until it was time for the fines to come up in the Phip Hall. Then I presented myself, partly dried and cleaned, as my own best defense for my failure to make my oration; and requested that a committee be appointed to wait on the Union Hall and demand that Tucker Graham be fined heavily for having deprived the Phip Society of the privilege of hearing my speech. I had a new subject, I explained—one that all would be interested in. It was "Cicero." I had found out some things about the gentleman that would startle the world. But how could I rise to the occasion, I said; how could I throw into my speech the requisite warmth, when my sleeves, my back, yea, my trousers, were filled with mud! "*Quousque tandem abutere, Grahame,*

patientia nostra?" I exclaimed. "O tempora! O mores! O Mr. President! Tempus fugit!" And I was told by the President that if I did not sit down he would fine me for disorderly conduct.

Dr. W. S. Currell was one of the most popular professors in College, and deservedly so. He took a genuine interest in the boys, had lots of humor, and was a capital teacher. He looked after details and yet was an inspiration to those who had any taste for literature.

The doctor played football with the boys occasionally—the old rough-and-tumble game that let everybody into the play, gave everybody plenty of exercise, and cared more for the fun of kicking than the science of winning. The boys could run into each other, but there was to be no shoving with the hands. The ball was a foot-ball and not a hand-ball, and it was against the rules to touch the ball with the hands except to slap it or hit it with the fist or catch it on a fly. In the last case the catcher must stop in his tracks and kick the ball from that point, or strike it with his fist if he preferred.

One day Dr. Currell was in the game and playing with vigor. There was a close race for the ball between the doctor on one side and Mat Porter on the other. As the ball was rolling towards the side of the ball grounds, their paths converged and they met just about the time they reached the ball. Both went down on top of the ball, and there was a display of mixed legs, arms, and bodies. It was the first time the doctor had ever gone down, and we all wondered how he would take it. But we did not have long to wait. He came up first, and as Porter rose the doctor sang out to him laughingly, "Divided we stand, united we fall," the reverse of the Kentucky coat of arms.

One day in English class E. B. was sent to the blackboard to write out a list of Shakespeare's plays, as found in Dowden's little book. Those who have read the book will remember that as arranged by Dowden this task is by no means an inconsiderable one, as the plays are grouped under twelve different heads. E. B. had not studied the lesson that day very hard, and in fact took very little interest in Shakespeare or any other literature. It was a matter of utter indifference to him whether Shakespeare wrote any plays or not. Literature was not his passion. But he had to write something or get a low mark. The names of some of the plays he remembered—Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Julius Cæsar, for example. And he had a vague remembrance that there was a Richard or two, some Henrys, and for all he knew to the contrary, other royal heads.

To see E. B. put Romeo and Juliet under the later comedies; As You Like It under early tragedy; and Tempest under early history—this was fun enough. But it was not all that was coming. After putting down Richard, E. B. remembered

that he didn't remember which Richard it was. He scratched his head, then turned around to see if any straw was floating in the class. He caught my eye, and was saved—or rather he thought he was. I surreptitiously held up one finger, to signify that he must start with Richard I. He chalked it down, then turned for further encouragement. I looked away into space and leaned on my hand, with two fingers against my cheek. E. B. put down Richard II. When he looked again, I was in the same attitude, except that three fingers were now necessary to support my growing cheek. Richard III. went down in nice large letters.

I was afraid to tax credulity with Richard IV, so when another appealing look came my way, I took my hand down, signifying that the race of Richards was run and the family extinct so far as Shakespeare was concerned. E. B. wrote down Henry, and I looked pleased, as I was. I then quickly signified the Henrys, and he plastered down eight of the gentlemen on the board. About this time the attention of several members of the class had been called to the comedy (or was it tragedy?) that was being enacted. Putting up my hand to prevent Dr. Currell from seeing me, I formed the word John with my lips. Down it went in triumph; and five Johns made an astonishing appearance on the board, no doubt wondering by what sorcery they had been forced to so prominent a part in the act. Next, by the same method stalked forth three or four kings of the species Charles.

Nearly the whole class was in the fun now and it was impossible to hide the joke any longer from Dr. Currell. He was in the middle of an eloquent passage when he looked at the board. He gasped, but caught himself and tried to reach the period without breaking down. He succeeded, but I think it strained his constitution. By the time he sat down and looked at his book there was an array of kings on hand that would have created a sensation in any assembly. Never before had royalty appeared in such profusion. And when the Doctor gravely told E. B. that he could take his seat, the boys roared and the doctor's eyes smiled. While at the board E. B. had a "Dum spiro, spero" cast of countenance. By the time the doctor finished with him he had a flushed appearance that betokened "Dum spiro, perspiro."

Dream Fugues.

Far out in the West the red sun fades,
And the fire-clouds lose their golden glow,
And the quivering nets of lights and shades
On the painted panels come and go;
The campus oaks in the grassy glades
Their stately heads are bending low,
And the things that are their places trade
With the things that were in the long ago.

Once more on the evening promenades
The lingering groups move to and fro,
And I hear the low laugh of the red-lipped maids,
The dear old girls that we used to know;
There comes a rustle of stiff brocades
From the gym's bright windows, wide and low,
And out of the gloom of its dim façades
Floats the old waltz music, soft and slow.

But Fancy's cloud-wrack half-way fades,
As other memories o'er me flow,
And I dream of the royal flush in spades
That I held one night when the funds were low,
And the midnight eats, and the daring raids,
And the rollicking crowd that made them so,
And the Profs. that frowned on our escapades,
While we were as free as the winds that blow.

L'ENVOI.

We know not how, but the daylight fades
And the night comes swift on the evening's glow,
And the days and ways that we used to know,
We bid farewell in its dark-wrought shades.



Thought Photographs.

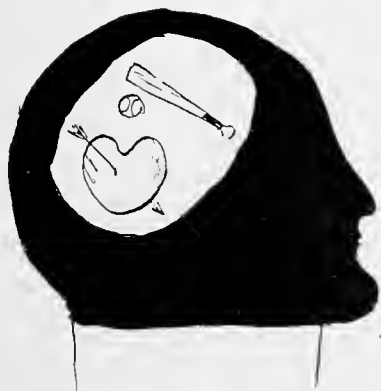


VERY one has doubtless heard of the latest, and perhaps, most marvelous achievement of science—the invention of an electric camera by which thoughts may be photographed. By a piece of rare good fortune, the KALEIDOSCOPE is able to present some pictures taken by one of these cameras, and is, so far as we know, the first college publication to do so. Owing to the enormous cost of these pictures, we could not, as we wished, have photographs of all the students taken. So we were compelled to limit ourselves to some of the most prominent of them.

Strictly speaking, this apparatus is not a camera, does not photograph; it represents thoughts in a concrete form. Frequently these representations are not easy to interpret. It was so in the pictures we secured. For instance, in the picture of one student there was nothing but what appeared to be a character of some sort. We at last decided it was the letter "I," and to make it more significant, we had our artist draw the sporty figure the student in question would like to present. Our artist has been of similar assistance in several other instances.



O stranger, should you meet with one
Who brandishes pistol and gun,
'Tis "Pug." Have no fright;
He 's all bark and no bite;
Say "boo!" and this bold youth will
run.



And here is the Count. Girls, beware
Of his vows; they 're far lighter than air—
And 't is equally true
Something else is light, too,
But to tell it wouldn't be fair.

"Fear of me runs the Freshmen amuck,"
Quoth the Flea, "But, confound my luck!
Pray what shall I do,
When with schooling I'm through,
And no longer have Freshmen to buck?"



A grammatical youth? Yes, I seen him,
But there ain't no chance for to ween him
From full-houses and flushes.
Tell the truth? Why he blushes
At thought of it. True, for I've saw him.



This is Payne. How handsome and smart !
Known to him 's every science and art.

Let him boast of his music,
But don't he make *you* sick,
Saying he can win any girl's heart ?



The squire hailed his gown with delight.
Quoth he, " Economical quite !

For I save clothes this way—
Wear my gown night and day ;
But the cap—I can't wear *that* at night ! "



Into Harwell's brain let 's take a look—
He has thoughts for naught but a book ;

He bones night and day,
So no wonder, I say,
That he closely resembles a spook.



This is the sporty Dick Price,
Who in Farmville cuts all sorts of ice.
To the Normal, you know,
Once a week he doth go,
And the girls there think no one's so nice.

"Would that like a dove I could fly
To a world of love and purity!"
But, Chris, I'm afraid,
If that flight you once made,
You'd come back having found it too *dry*.



"I'm that handsome and clever Bob Graham.
As for girls—My! My! how I slay 'em!
I really grow tired,
I'm so greatly admired—"
Very true; but by *only* Bob Graham.



TWO MESSAGES.

Deep down in the sea there 's a jewel rare,
And its message to me:

“Though winds may blow, and waves mountain-high
May dash with a fury men fear to dare,
Yet ever undimmed and unshaken am I,
Deep down in the sea.”

Deep down in my heart there 's a love so true
That it whispers to me :

“Though life's fiercest tempests of sorrow and pain
May rage in your heart—aye, though doubt toss it, too—
Of this be you sure: as unmoved I 'll remain
As the pearl in the sea.”

A Fable.

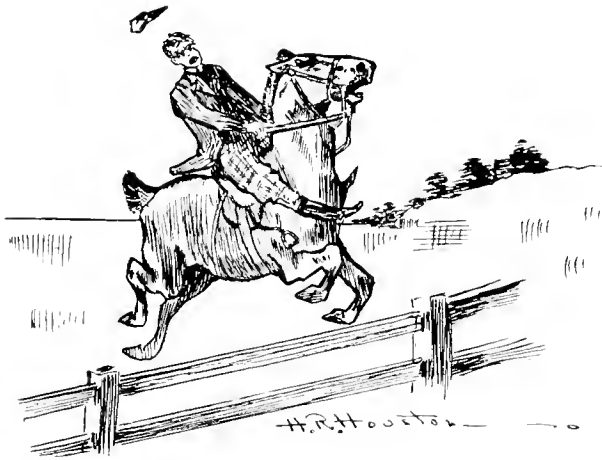


ONCE upon a time there was a Blow-out where such things are so scarce they are Startling. All the tickets were complimentary, so the fellows who found themselves Minus had their Feelings hurt. But the favored ones smiled a Benign Smile, and Stokes Brown worked overtime. A Tip straight from the Inside said it was Up to them to nurse an Appetite for the Occasion. So, on the day of the Memorable Affair, these Wise Guys went to meals merely to watch with a Pitying Expression, the Others attempting to make the fourth Variation of the same Roast the final one. But the ladies who dispensed Hash and Feeble Coffee hoped there would soon be another such Occasion. They didn't next morning.

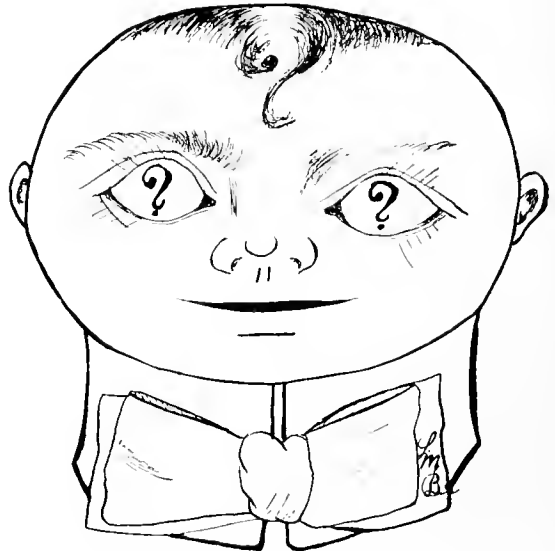
In due time, the Blow-out was in full Blast. The Guileless Maids of the Hill were listening in open-eyed wonder to the Disseminations of the Hot Air Radiators who had Munchausen skinned a Block, and Gulliver backed right into the Corner. The Visiting Calic were being charmed by the Ragtime which the Leading Luminaries of the Calico Club were too wise to murmur to the Unsophisticated Nymphs of the Hill, for fear they'd be taken in Earnest. All was as merry as the Two o'clock Bell.

About this time, the Wounded Feelings of the Outsiders became so painful that they demanded a Soothing Syrup. So the Frost-bitten Guys determined to get it. The Hostess, not being Next to the crooked ways of the Wisdom-crammers, had left her ice-cream freezers on the back porch. So when she went to get them the emptiness of the porch was Expressive. Likewise some fruit and cakes at the open window of the dining-room, spoke with Touching Eloquence to her. Her desolation can be fitly compared only to that of the Campus after Edgar Venable turned Landscape-gardener. When the sad news was made known to the Guests, the Possessors of the Nursed Appetites felt that Life wasn't all it was said to be. In vain the Calic did all the Stunts experience had proved most Effective. The Hot Air Guys might have been all to the Good in an Ice-factory, but in a Social Gathering, their Influence was a little too Chilling. As for the Gay Boys whose Long Suit was Ragtime, they wore a Pathetic Look, and their voices were in A-Minor; for while Calic may be quite Restful to tired minds, they are not of Material Assistance to an Appetite aged twenty-four hours with a few to Spare.

MORAL: Many are Called, but few are Chosen, and the Lucky Few are not always in the Many.



"Going to the Dogs"



"A Questioning Look."



A Trio of Triolets.

I wish it wasn't naughtiness
 Those pretty lips to greet;
 Their dainty curves invite caress:
 And, if it wasn't naughtiness,
 I'd dearly love, you know—ah, yes!
 Just once those lips to meet.
 I wish it wasn't naughtiness
 Those pretty lips to greet!

With dimpled cheek and straying curl,
 And bright eyes softly gleaming!
 Not oft I see so fair a girl
 With dimpled cheek and straying curl,
 And laughing lips and teeth of pearl
 That set me fondly dreaming,
 O'er dimpled cheek and straying curl
 And bright eyes softly gleaming.

Too innocent to flirt, and yet
 Bright eyes are slyly winking.
 Could I then call her a coquette?
 Too innocent to flirt—and yet
 Her bright eyes snared me when we met,
 And I fell all unthinking.
 Too innocent to flirt, and yet
 Bright eyes are slyly winking.



The Statistician at Home.



WELCOME home again, my boy," said the proud father to his young hopeful who had just returned from Hampden-Sidney, where he had supposedly been gathering valuable information.

"Thank you, father. I am right glad to be away, for a little while, from my books and constant attendance on chapel and classes. (His conscience burns feebly.) I am almost broken down."

"I trust you have spent your time profitably?"

"Y— ves, sir." (He thinks of the bill he owes Dunkum.)

"But tell me what you have learned."

"Well, father, Sam Chilton wears the biggest shoe in College; Preston is by far the handsomest man; and when it comes to athletics, why, H. P. Jones is the best all-around athlete in school. Williams, we call him "Pelz" for his—for short, is the faculty's pet, but he is the smartest man, and is considered by all to be the most literary."

"But what about your classes—Latin, Greek, Mathematics, etc.?"

"Oh, yes! I failed to mention them to you. I am very fond of Smith's Old Testament History and so is "Br'er" Akers, and he's considered the best theologian; in fact we consider it our favorite study. I am afraid some of the boys didn't study as hard as they ought to have done. Why one Miller, who was voted the biggest dev—I mean imp—in College, studied less than any man there, cut more classes, and was the biggest loafer. John Wolverton is Farmville's most frequent visitor; but 'Dick' Price is the biggest dude we know of, and the biggest 'calico' man too."

"But, my son, I want to hear about—"

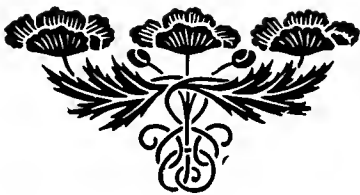
"Yes, father, I was just about to tell you about the hardest student there. You would never guess his name—no, it wasn't I, but G. S. Harnsberger. He wouldn't be very long if he roomed near "Lyt" Hansberger, because he is the noisiest fellow anywhere around. There is a fellow named Gammon who is said to be the freshest man, and Lacy, whom some have called the most conceited, and Ellett, the biggest bluff, but I found them pretty good company.

Everybody liked MacCorkle; he is the most popular man among us, and even beyond our little student-body—"

"How about your mathematics?"

"Mathematics! why, father, Professor James R. Thornton, curator, is the most popular instructor on the 'Hill.' But I mustn't fail to tell you that our favorite pastime is grumbling and 'kicking'; the only consolation we can find is Edgar Venable's 'coca-cola,' which is our favorite drink. We tried to find out who was the ugliest man among us, but as no one courted the distinction, they gave that to—don't you know, father, some one asked me if I took after you! We heard that some of the men actually smoked *real* tobacco, and an election was held to find the greatest smoker. To our chagrin only one ballot was cast and that said 'the stovepipe in Dr. Henry Mellwaine's room.' I must run and thank mother for that last cake she sent me. It would have lasted some time but for Payne, who is the biggest eater the College ever saw."

As the statistician sought more comfortable quarters, his father murmured, "What queer things boys learn at college these days."





Grinds.

LANGHORNE.—Art thou never weary of playing, and wilt thou never cease from thy pestiferous pranks?

CHILTON.—Creeping like snail unwillingly to school.

THE MANRYS.—Evils never come singly.

HARWELL.—Hungry, lean-faced, a mere anatomy.

JUNIOR FRENCH CLASS.—This rebel tongue sticks in our teeth worse than doth Farmville beef.

KINNIER.—His face? 'T would scare you in the dark.

PAYNE.—Intemperate youth! Will nothing quench thy appetite?

ELCAN.—A barber shall never earn sixpence out of his face.

PRICE.—Detain me not. Seven long leagues must I travel ere night.

GAMMON.—I' faith, 't is a merry wag.

MILLER.—Abusing God's patience and the king's English.

J. C. WOLVERTON.—These fellows that do rhyme themselves into ladies' favor, do always reason themselves out again.

BUDD.—Of his port as meeke as is a mayde.

FONTAINE.—The wit o' you and the wool o' a blue dog wad mak a gude medley.

AKERS.—Full well he sang the service divine,

Entuned in his nose full semely.

EXAMINATIONS.—A fool can ask questions which a wise man can not answer.

(Balm for the Busted.)

R. C. GRAHAM.—There is none I love so well as myself.

HERBERT ANDERSON.—"Do you prefer to hear Chopinlisztoven's Opus 943, or a shortzenlied from Padersteinowski?"

MACCORKLE.—And a little dog shall lead him.

ELLETT.—Mine own face oft draws me to the glass—looking-glass, I mean.

PAYNE.—Great is his heart

That fain would circumscribe in its affections

All the maiden world.

JEFFERSON.—Erect, morose, determined, solemn, slow.

BOYD STEPHENSON.—My life is one demd, horrid grind.

CHILTON.—Give me nothing to do or I perish.

G. A. WILSON.—Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend, and shake your spider legs.

E. W. VENABLE.—Woodman, spare that tree!

JUNIOR PHYSICS CLASS.—Throw physic to the dogs: we 'll no more of it.

THORNTON.—He 'd rather lose his dinner than his jest.

Is it a jumping-jack or CLARK?

HANSBERGER.—Thou art too wild, too rough, too bold of voice.

PRICE.—Many people are esteemed because they are not known.

THE SENIOR.—A scholar when just from his college broke loose,

Can barely tell how to say boo! to a goose.

CHILTON.—By my troth, my little body is aweary of this great world.

ELLETT.—Should once the world resolve to abolish all that 's ridiculous and foolish, I should have nothing left to do.

THE JUNIOR.—What strange phenomenon is this

That struts with so great vanity?

H. P. JONES.—His legs curve outward in that style which is more convenient for horseback than elegant for a pedestrian.

HARNSBERGER.—His own opinion is his law.

HOOPER.—Have you seen our little cherub?

THE SOPHOMORES.—“ 17 to 12.”

CAMPBELL.—Perhaps he will grow.

HARNSBERGER.—Sometimes I dress, with women sit

And chat away the gloomy fit;

Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,

And wear a gay impertinence.

THE FRESHMEN.—They 'll keep, if the weather don't change.

P. W. HAMLETT.—That man of loneliness and mystery,

Scarce seen to smile.

FINALS, *ending with Senior night*.—All 's swell that ends swell.



Autumn.

- September 8—Examination of candidates for admission into College.
- September 10—Public Address by Prof. J. D. Eggleston, Jr., at 4 p. m.
- September 12—Y. M. C. A. reception at 8 p. m.
- September 15—Election of officers of Athletic Association.
- September 22—Election of Editors of KALEIDOSCOPE.
- October 13—Football game at H.-S. with Randolph-Macon Academy.
- October 18—Football game at H.-S. with William and Mary College.
- November 8—Football game at Lexington with Virginia Military Institute.
- November 12—Play by "The Young Ladies' Dramatic Club."
- November 15—Football game at Richmond with Richmond College.
- November 17—Football game at Ashland with Randolph-Macon College.
- November 28—Thanksgiving Holiday.
- December 6 and 8—Orations delivered by members of Senior Class.
- December 12—Intermediate Examinations begin.
- December 21—Christmas Holiday begins.



Winter.

- January 2—Second Term of Session begins.
January 10—Election of Final President of Senior Class.
January 12—Election of officers of Athletic Association.
January 13—Skating Holiday.
February 10—Gymnasium Exhibition at 8 p. m.
February 20—Public Celebration of Union and Philanthropic Literary Societies at 8.30 p. m.
February 21—Dramatic Club presents "Charley's Aunt."
February 24—Gymnasium Team gives an exhibition at the Normal School.



Spring.

- March 9—Baseball practise begins.
March 12—Second Term Examinations begin.
March 23—Holiday.
March 30—Baseball game at Hampden-Sidney with Hoge Academy.
April 11—Baseball game at Hampden-Sidney with Maryland Agricultural College.
April 14—Baseball game at Hampden-Sidney with St. Albans.
April 18—Baseball game at Lexington, with Washington and Lee.
April 20—Baseball game at Lexington with Virginia Military Institute.
April 22—Baseball game at Hampden-Sidney with Richmond College.
April 28—Baseball game at Hampden-Sidney with Randolph-Macon College.
May 2—Field-Day.
May 4—Prize Declamation Contest.
May 21—Senior Vacation begins.
June 7—Baccalaureate Sermon at 11 a. m.
June 8—Celebration of Union Society at 8 p. m.
June 9—Addresses before Literary Societies and Society of Alumni; Celebration of Philanthropic Society at 8 p. m.
June 10—Commencement Exercises at 11 a. m. Senior Class Celebration at 8 p. m.



“ JE VOUS AIME.”

Oh, hushed is the June night, and low in the West
One pensive star dreams on the Evening's warm breast ;
While in float fragrant odors
Through the half-open door,
And the moonlight falls soft on
The vine-shaded floor.

Oh, why am I happy, to-night—can you guess?
So joyously happy—the angels are less !

'T is because *you* are with me,
Because from above
Never shines yon star softer
Than eyes beaming love.

I love you! I love you far more than I seem,
I love you! I love you far more than you dream.

If at times I speak coldly
And cold turn away,
I but try you, my darling,
To see what you say.

Don't doubt me, my own one ; my heart with its wealth
Of warm, throbbing passion, through sickness and health,
Will for you beat forever,
For you, dear, alone—
I love you, my darling,
Far more than I own !

GOOD-BYE.

Here at the last, dear friends, we meet,
And at the parting of the ways,
A moment stand once more to greet
Each other ere our college days
Are o'er. For now 's the time when we

Must say good-bye,
A last good-bye,
And turn and go with longing sigh
For the days we 've spent in Arcady.

'T will happen oft in coming years
Whenever we this book shall see,
And view again with smiles and tears
The life once led by you and me—
The life so care-free, gay, and bright—
We 'll backward go

To long ago,
And a time, at least, while memories flow,
Life's burdens will be rendered light.

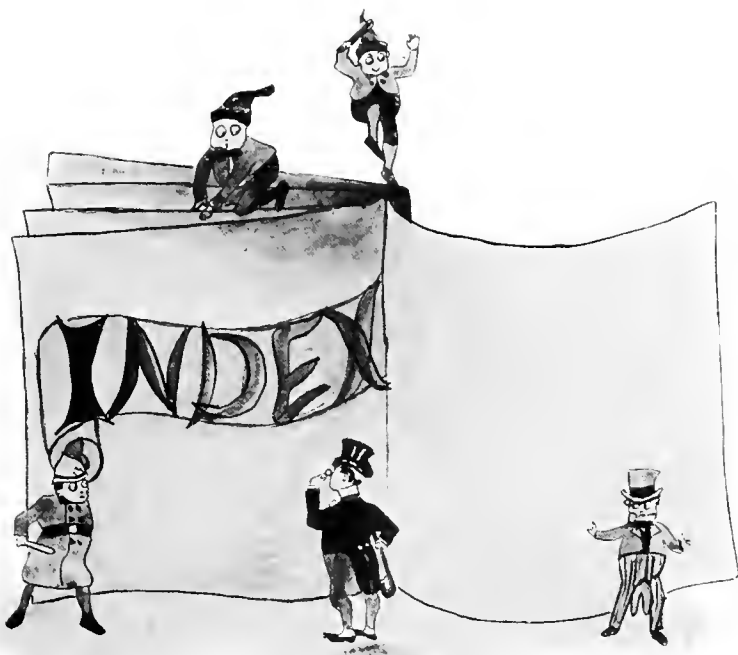
*Then here's to times that come no more,
To health and wealth of comrades dear,
And whate'er fate may have in store,
Let's ne'er forget the dear days here.*

* * * * *

The toast is drained and all is o'er,
So now farewell,
A fond farewell—
In tones that firmest friendship tell,
We bid you here a fond farewell.

FINIS





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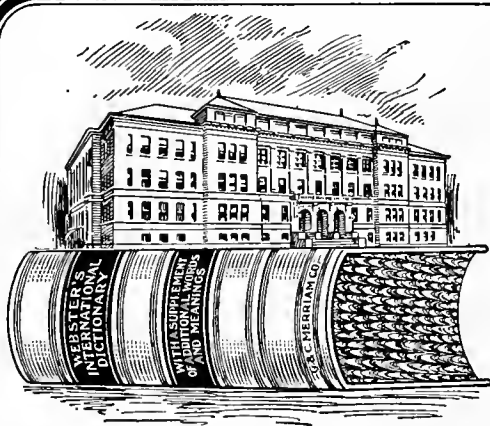
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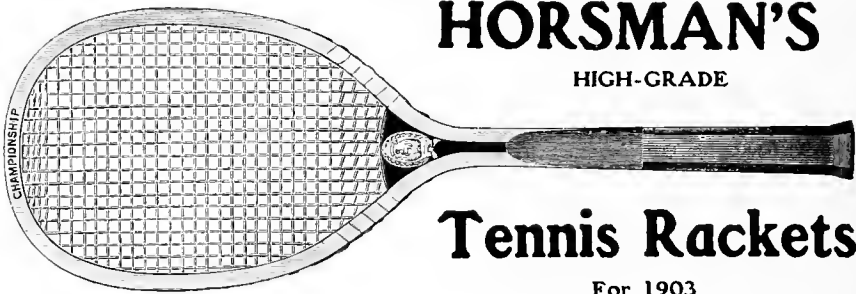
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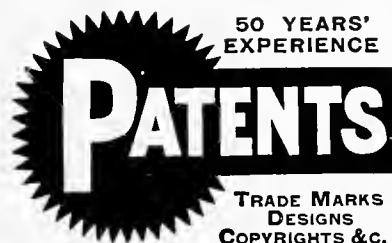
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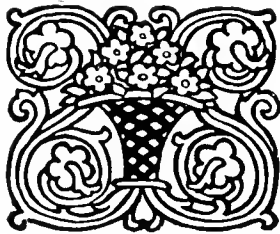
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